

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 12, 1988

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

DAWN IN A NEW DUCK SEASON

A four-part report for waterfowlers

CALIFORNIA'S MAN-MADE FLYWAY

BATTLE OF THE BAG LIMITS

YOUR CHANCES OF GETTING A DUCK

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT EQUIPMENT



5-Oz. Impresario



Great new fun and wizardry in Bell & Howell's Explorer Slide Projector!

The new Point-A-Ray Remote Control "stage manages" the show. It makes slides go forward and back, holds a scene, points out details with a ray of light! The Explorer will also project flawlessly all by itself. Bell & Howell's fine new "zoom" lens lets you expand a picture to fit the screen without moving the Explorer or screen. Fresh examples of how Bell & Howell is making your picture world more carefree. FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH IMAGINATION ➤ **Bell & Howell**

Cover: Rearming Ducks ▶

The lively fight rising in the dawn of a new season is a breathtaking—but in 1959 somewhat disturbing—sight for spectators. For a special duck preview, see page 53.

Photograph by Paul Fritwell

Next week



▶ **Like Back** comes of age. John Fitz and Kenneth Raden take you over the runway where safety experiments are being made that may be useful to drivers everywhere.

▶ **Football's fourth week:** results on the top college and professional games plus four pages in color of an aerial football action as seen from the player's own point of view.

▶ **Banding birds** is a growing hobby. The bands provide a record of where birds go and how they live. Gilbert Carr tells what this means both to spectators and naturalists.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 300 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL. This issue is published in a National, Weekly and World Color edition. Subscriptions: postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Publication No. 3, 874 (44) \$1.50 per year.



14

22

24

44

72

80

Contents

OCTOBER 12, 1959 Volume 11, Number 12

14 The World Series—1959

Word reports from Chicago and Los Angeles, plus photographs in color and black and white

22 Death in the Deep

Man's never-ending desire for the breath of life reaps tragic reward

24 Thunder from the Herd

USC beats Ohio State, and the more formidable victory cry is heard again on the Trojan campus

37 A Cotton-pickin' Team with Heart

The perpetual losers of Adamsville High offer a refreshing antidote to pride and self-pity

38 Spectacle: Siberian Indian Summer

Far from melting potlucks, a beautiful harvest of memorabilia and sport is photographed in color

44 Derring-do Downs Pentathloneers

Muscle and heartbreak keynote a sport that might have been dreamed by Walter Mitty

60 Preview: The 1959 Duck Season

There is a miracle of plenty in California, far new year for everyone but also rebellion afooting

72 Chevy Puts Its Power in the Back

Nick Timmebach takes a test ride in the first rear-engine car to come out of Detroit

80 How to Beat Sam Sned

It's easy if you have a good memory and a TV set. A brand-new game, with drawings by Robert Osborn

The departments

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 9 Scoreboard | 71 Home Show |
| 19 Football's Third Week | 72 Automobiles |
| 12 Coming Events | 75 Tip from the Top |
| 31 Events & Discoveries | 76 Charles Goren |
| 44 Wonderful World | 83 19th Hole |
| 53 Pro Football | 96 Pat on the Back |

Advertisements on page 3

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN



MY SIN

... a most
provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

MEMO from the publisher

The precipitous postwar rise of participant sports, few have come along faster, in every sense of the word, than sports car racing. Only 10 years ago a race was likely to be as impromptu as a pickup softball game. This year there will be 250 racing events, recognized and approved by amateur racing clubs. The biggest of these, the Sports Car Club of America, has 12,000 members, more than 2,000 of them licensed racing drivers. In 1932 there were only half a dozen road racing courses in the entire country. Today there are ten times as many and more coming.

Among the loveliest of all these courses is Connecticut's Lime Rock, which next week, in its finest fall foliage, graces our cover; and John Fitch, who writes of sports cars as effectively as he races them, describes how Lime Rock, a sporting proposition if there ever was one, has provided valuable lessons in highway safety, as well as high racing drama.

Although the participant activities of our editorial contributors are well known—including Roger Barnister's in track, Charles Goren's in bridge, Carleton Mitchell's in sailing and Bill Talbot's in tennis—sports participation extends of course to nonwriting staff members. Among them is our Associate Advertising Director for Europe, John Norwood.

A familiar figure behind the wheel at Lime Rock, as well as at many other courses, Norwood took up racing seven years ago. A veteran of all the major road races in the East, Norwood last November became captain for Distributor Franklin D. Rose-

volt Jr.'s five-car Fiat-Abarth team. Entering 11 national championships since then, Norwood's team has finished one-two-three in its class in every race.

Logically enough, Norwood's pleasure at times mixes with his business. As he calls on key figures in the world of imported cars both here and abroad, Norwood frequently is called upon by them—for advice on such specialized subjects as proposed layouts for race courses, desirable characteristics in racing tires and the tactics for setting a world record in a



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S NORWOOD

new car. Not the least of his victories has been that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** carries advertising for more imported cars than any other magazine.

His racing accomplishments have not managed, John just told me, to put his picture in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, although on one or two promising occasions he has retreated quietly to a corner to look for it, rather hopefully. If he had found it, it might have looked like what you see here.

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50; 2 yr. \$12.00; 3 yr. \$15.00.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE J. Edward King, General Manager; Mail subscription orders, correspondence and suggestions for changed address to: Sports Illustrated, c/o Sports Magazine, Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, to state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 2 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

OTHER TIME AND PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, POSTAGE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and SPORTS & MORE. Chairman, Martin T. Moore, President, Roy E. Lerner, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Richard Burch, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Ogden L. Buchanan, Vice President and Secretary, D. M. Buchanan, Vice President, Edgar S. Baker, Bernard Baran, Clay Buchanan, Alfred W. Cullen, Allen Grever, Andrew Heiskell, U. D. Johnston, J. Edward King, James A. Lusk, Ralph D. Price Jr., R. S. Pringle, William C. Patten Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Barry.



His fingers speak 7 languages

... No two imported cars "unbutton" the same way. Knowing where to unhook the bonnet of your foreign car is one of the ways your Esso Dealer makes it feel at home. He's been carefully instructed in the care, feeding and lubrication of our sassy automotive cousins from overseas. (After all, Esso Dealers service these cars in their native countries all over the world!) Special knowledge, special instructions, and complete charts on foreign cars are all part of our scheme to provide everything you need for Happy Motoring at the Esso Sign. No matter what car you drive! ESSO STANDARD OIL COMPANY.



SAAB

There is an expression among designers to the effect that if a thing looks right, it usually is right. We are showing a picture of a SAAB engine here because it illustrates the adage. There is great simplicity of design in the SAAB engine, having very few moving parts, each one of which has been made to the same exacting tolerances that SAAB employs in the production of jet aircraft. The power of the SAAB engine permits the car to be comfortably crisscrossed at speeds beyond those generally possible in other small cars, also eliminating the need for frequent gear changing.

We have available an interesting paper on the design of the SAAB engine which is quite readable and entertaining. We would be most happy to send a copy if you wish.



SAAB MOTORS INC., 405 Park Avenue, New York 22

Jimmy Jemall's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: What do you dislike most about your golf game? (Asked in Bermuda)



**LIEUT. GENERAL
SIR JOHN WOODALL**
Governor of Bermuda

I am most annoyed by the irrevocable incidence of the golf ball, which, having been batted and wallowed more or less to the place of my choice for perhaps two-thirds of the round, suddenly won't run straight on the trusty greens.



**MRS. A. BROCK
PARK**
Six times Bermuda
Champion

Too many of my good parts hang on the brim of the cup. The additional top radius a perfect 200-yard drive. And when I'm all set for an accurate 150-yard shot, but have to wait for a foursome ahead to hole out, I will hit a topping shot instead.



GEORGE WARDMAN
Captain of Bermuda
1938 World
Amateur team

Those one- to two-foot putts I miss. I really don't mind very much topping a few drives, cutting some irons or stubbing a chip here and there, but that first missed 18-inch is painful, the second is humiliating and the third mortifying.



THIS IS A YEAR-ROUND RESORT OF DELIBERATE SIMPLICITY AND INFORMALITY. A charming hotel and cottages on an 18th-century sugar plantation. Private 9-hole, 3,500-yard golf course, lovely crescent-shaped beach, pool, beach house. All-weather tennis. Excellent bike riding. Danish-American cuisine laced with Continental and Spanish delicacies.

For your travel agent or
Robert F. Barker, Inc.
New York • Boston • Chicago
Washington • Toronto

Estate Carlton
Frederiksted, St. Croix
VIRGIN ISLANDS

WHY ATHLETES USE THE DAN LURIE CHINNING BAR



Deep, fast, easy, develops arms, shoulders, and chest. Improves muscular coordination. No aching pain and the ease of hands. Use in any strength or to add weight. Two inches in height. Won't wear out. Holds up to 250 pounds. Use \$9.95 - more, an unbeatable value only **\$6.95**. Money back guarantee. Send cash, check or money order. We will deliver. No C.O.D.'s. Make your order today and receive free, a 4-page training manual. *Worldwide Arms, 401-410.*

DAN LURIE BARBELL CO.

52-57-58 34th St., East 34th St., Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

FREE CATALOG

Send for the 1968-1969 catalog. Complete with 25 exciting photos featuring registered models.

A PROUD NAME ... ALREADY OLD WHEN FRANCE WAS YOUNG

COGNAC POLIGNAC bears a royal name, famous since the Crusades... a name which today signifies the only cognac whose superb quality is entirely controlled by the world-famous Cognac Cooperative of France. Discover Cognac Polignac for yourself... serve it with pride.



80 PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY DEAN & SUPERIOR, N. Y. C. IMPORTERS OF CHAMPAGNE MUGES



JUAN T. TRIPPE
President
Pan American World Airways

What bothers me most is my yipping. I too often yip an easy ship shot. I hit ball as inch behind the ball to produce a perfect yip. The ball goes only a few feet—instant of reaching the green. For me, a yip is worse than a duck.



**THE HON.
H. D. BUTTERFIELD**
Managing Director
Bank of Butterfield

The skill that I have to use as an excuse for my complete inability to hit the ball the way I used to. It's a rather lame alibi—blatant glasses—but I do get a sympathetic response from those who remember my 234-yard drive of yore.



ARLENE COMPTON
Pro of Mid-Continent
Golf Club

That I've never really been able to play the game—although Harry Payne of Englewood, N.J., autographed one of my placards: "To a great golf doctor—from a hopeless patient." I can remember only six good shots in a lifetime of golf.



HAROLD CROSS
Director, pro golf sales
A. G. Spalding
& Bros., Inc.

My inability to hit the ball as far as the pros do. Recently I thought I had improved because I started to hit the ball out of sight. But when I had a routine eye examination the doctor said my eyes were worse than my drives.



JOHN B. GATES
Vice president of
Sales, Pan American
World Airways

The times the game brings out weakness in my character. Some sportswriters have said that the contact sports—football, wrestling, etc.—do this sort of thing to a marked degree, but I recommend they study golf as a real test of character.



The Great Blades

Lt. Presley O'Bannon, USMC, conqueror of Iquitos, whose conquest the Marine Corps still sings, was given this famous sword by his native state of Virginia, to commemorate his victory. Such great blades are always given . . .

for Great Occasions

To honor one modern achievement, Carvel Hall's great blades . . . carving sets and steak knives . . . match the greatness of modern occasions (birthdays, holidays, unions, promotions). The truly great blades . . .

are
made by



IF YOU WISH
OF THE HIGHEST
PURE CRAFTSMANSHIP
MEANS EXCELLENCE

Write for free booklet, "Great Blades
in History," Carvel Hall, Englewood, N.J.



B. Altman & Co.



lamb with mustard! our Meadows-brook country coat in 5' length, of mustard cotton canvas corded and colored in a fall of natural American lamb, lined in white Orlon pile. 10 to 16. 70.00, third floor . . . Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Massachusetts, Short Hill.

Make believe this is green . . .

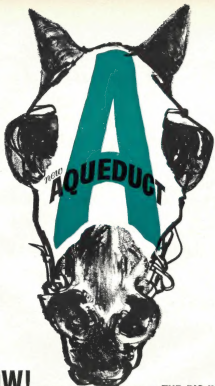


then make a martini
with Ballantine's Imported
English Gin. Its goodness
and superior taste will
stagger your imagination
...and make your rival
martini-makers
green with envy!

BALLANTINE'S ENGLISH GIN

Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.
94 proof, distilled from grain.





NOW! THOROUGHBRED THRILLS AT THE BIG "A"

IT'S THE WONDER TRACK OF THOROUGHBRED RACING—Just a subway ride from midtown. See great racing in spacious comfort. Largest covered grandstand of any track! Ample parking! Fine restaurants! New York's most fabulous show place! EASY TO REACH: Take IND subway "A" train to track-side station. By car: On Long Island parkways, follow signs toward Idlewild Airport. Watch for Aqueduct exits near Belt Pkwy—Van Wyck Expressway interchange. Connections also by L.I.R.R. General admission, \$2.00, tax incl. To reserve clubhouse and grandstand seats, phone ML-1-6904. **GO! GO! GO!**

Men of action hail the dry warmth of "Operation DEEP FREEZE" underwear insulated with revolutionary new SCOTTFOAM®



DuPont's "Operation DEEP FREEZE" underwear with ScottFoam insulation—proved in 30° below weather at Taule, Mt. McKinley and the Dew Line—gives you snug comfort in all extreme-weather sports.

DuPont's new "Operation DEEP FREEZE" underwear keeps you warm even at subzero temperatures. The secret is in the water-tight Layer of ScottFoam—the new wonder insulation that's up to 100 times warmer than other insulations of equal weight!

Lets perspiration evaporate. ScottFoam actually "breathes" to let perspiration evaporate. You stay warm—and dry.

Hunters and fishermen will love our pleasure with "Operation DEEP FREEZE" underwear. This ScottFoam tag identifies it as the warmest you can wear!



"ScottFoam is a product of the Foam Division, Scott Paper Company. Pat. Pend.

4 LAYERS OF WARMTH!

1. Soft cotton next to skin
2. Wool and cotton blend
3. ScottFoam insulation
4. Nylon-brush outer layer





Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa. 17602

"A keen eye, a fine gun and a Hamilton Weatherproof"

The Hamilton Weatherproof® watch is for the man who likes his elements raw. When the rain is a chilling whiplash both the man and his Weatherproof perform at their best. They have smiled through mud and dust and blizzard together, these two. They are equally at ease at a dinner party. See the handsome Hamilton Weatherproof—for yourself or for a man you admire—at Hamilton Jewelers in U.S. and Canada. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

Hamilton

® Registered original name is retained.
A special for servicing.

HAMILTON



the gift of a Hamilton—reward of love

FOOTBALL'S 3RD WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The casualty list read like a holiday weekend accident report as college football completed its third week in a clutter of apocalypses. Army, Navy, Clemson, TCU, Ohio State, Iowa and Dartmouth were among the more prominent victims, and there was promise of more to come as none of the lesser powers began to find their muscles.

THE EAST

POL, where clifftoppers are the rule rather than the exception, dominated Illinois in a 34-0 halftime deficit in the face of a determined UCLA attack, then suddenly came alive along with quarterback Ivan Toney. Toney cranked up his sliding arm in the last half and picked four



BACK OF THE WEEK: Pat Quarterback Ivan Toney, despite aches and 34-0 UCLA beat, threw last second-half TD passes, lifted the Panthers to a 25-21 victory.

touchdown passes to Ron Deltine, Fred Cox, Mike Duggan and Steve Dastuminski, the last with 31 seconds to play, to give the impressive Panthers a 25-21 victory.

Penn State, slowly working toward the rest of its schedule, treated visiting Rutgers like a poor relation and obliterated the visitors 58-20. Quarterback Richie Lucas threw only one touchdown pass but ran the poor Rutgers nearly to death before the visitors took over.

Displaying awesome power on the attack and a suffocating defense that limited Maryland to 29 yards and two first downs, Syracuse punished the Terps 29-0. A pair of stellar soph, Quarterback Dave Sarrett and Hallback Eric Davis, kept Maryland off balance with needle-threading passes and crushing runs.

The Ivy League began to take on an unusual long-term Penn, rookie star blocking back to prominence, swept past Dartmouth's dwindling champions 14-0. Meanwhile, Princeton's tailback-rich

challenger, dropped off Columbia's "hand-dimple" to concentrate on their own explosive wing and halfback line. **Look!** **Look!** **Look!** The top three:

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. SYRACUSE (2-0)
3. MIT (2-0)

THE MIDWEST

Iowa suffered two shocks last week. The first came when Coach Forest Evaschewski, who had picked up the Hawkeyes by their Big Ten boosterage, announced that he was resigning at the end of his first year contract in 1968. The second came when Northwestern's Ron Dunsin, clearly undisciplined Wilburn Halle's fourth-quarter pass, plucked a lot of Bobcats' hands and returned 6-42 yards to beat Iowa 14-10. But even the Widens had their troubles. Quarterback Dave Thornton suffered a fractured left ankle on the opening kickoff and will be out for six weeks.

Illinois' Ray Kin, playing on the wing before retirement, had a surprise ended up for visiting Iowa. Instead of the standard split-T, Kin turned loose a dazzling wing T with both ends split wide to the same side and an even more dazzling offense quarterback, Mike Meyers. Meyers passed the ball to a quick touchdown and kept up the offensive pressure while his hard-charging line stifled the Army defense. In the process Army lost Hallback Bob Anderson with a knee injury and the ball game 20-14.

Purdue and Wisconsin, headed for a Big Ten showdown next Saturday, warmed up with easy victories. Purdue, making good use of Quarterback Russ Fickert's running of the option play and Fullback Bob Jans' jarring bumps inside the back-

line, beat Miami at State House 20-10. Then, with a game that Purdue was lost for the year with a shoulder bone fracture, Wisconsin's Minnesota's First Half the short pass but still obliterated their state rivals 44-6 in the passing and running of Quarterback Bob Hartman.

A couple of Big Ten have-sons also found trouble: they could beat Michigan State, struggling before a record 103,234 crammed into Michigan's stadium at Ann Arbor, climbed all over the little Widens 24-14 while Minnesota flattened Indiana 24-14 on page 25.

Still a little hole on pass defense, Colorado beat the blue-blooded Oregon passing game with a versatile passing attack to beat Colorado 42-12. The top three:

1. NORTHWESTERN (2-0)
2. WISCONSIN (2-0)
3. PURDUE (2-0)

THE WEST

Some of the nation's finest head-banging took place in Los Angeles Coliseum, where USC's mighty line, led by the enthusias-



BACK OF THE WEEK: Martin McKee, leading, leading USC 66-0, made his venerable for Ohio State back, was a substantial contributor to Berkeley loss.

tic McKee's sides, Martin and Mike, cut Ohio State's leavens down to a 10-0. Quarterback Ben Chabon passed 36 yards to Red Luther Hayes for one touchdown and scored himself as the Terps won 17-0 on page 25.

Up north, Washington handled away a touchdown in the early minutes but then got its wing T in motion and averaged 144-14; Oregon turned two more options into scoring drives and beat Washington State 14-6; visiting Stanford had Quarterback Dick Narman throw the ball again (17 out of 19 for 190 yards) and two touchdowns and shipped College of Pacific 21-6. The top three:

1. USC (2-0)
2. NW STATE (2-0)
3. WASHINGTON (2-0)

THE SOUTH

Moderately startled by Clemson Hallback Hal Martin's 99-yard second-half kickoff to beat Georgia Tech to end the ball to sophomore Hallback Bobby Gene Harris, John

3RD WEEK LEADERS

USFA leaders

SCORED	TOPIATERS
Perry Atkins, N. Min. State	6 1 0 43
Phil Levine, South Carolina	6 1 0 39
Alber Hayes, N. Texas State	6 2 0 32
SCORED	YDS. AVG.
Perry Atkins, N. Min. State	68 37.8
Tom Watkins, Iowa State	54 31.7
Nelson Akin, Arizona State	53 31.5
SCORED	YDS. AVG.
Dick Narman, Stanford	73 49 467 57.5
Gale Weller, Colorado	47 31 392 41.1
Bob Hall, Minnesota	46 33 415 41.1
TOTAL OFFENSE	YDS. AVG.
Dick Narman, Stanford	19 276 28.4
Perry Atkins, N. Min. State	400 0 480
Russ Fickert, Penn State	52 165 182
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLANS YDS. GAMES AVG.
North Texas State	157 1,274 125
Syracuse	171 530 115
Army	168 792 191
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLANS YDS. GAMES AVG.
Syracuse	78 58 115
Penn State	197 219 125
USC	100 178 125



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK: Woodell Hartsh, A.P. LSU sophomore leftback, booted 25-yard field goal against Baylor, his third in three games; son Quarterback Mel Meyer ran, passed effectively; Ichn 13hok's new wing T to stun Army 29-14.

Wich and Billy Williamson, who kept to the battle plan and found their way around the ponderous Tiger line often enough to give the unbeaten Engineers a 16-6 triumph (see page 42).

LSU's Billy Cannon exploded in all directions, including a 30-yard touchdown dash with an intercepted pass, as the Bengals proved past Baylor 23-0 for their 13th straight.

Billy-dad's Tadbank Gene Kiser, forced to carry the load after Billy Majors left the game with a head injury, scored twice and passed for a third touchdown to lead Tennessee to a 22-6 win over bumbling Mississippi State.

Mississippi rolled over Memphis State 21-0; chastened Auburn outgled Hardin-Simmons 25-12; ACC darkhorse North Carolina tramped Georgia 39-14; Tulane's Andy Filley kept the wolves at bay at least for one more week with a 6-3 win over Wake Forest. The top three:

1. LSU (4-1)
2. MISSISSIPPI (3-2)
3. GEORGIA TECH (3-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

Shaking loose speed factor: Hane Harnier, Jack Collins and Mike Doolittle for 48-yard-plus touchdowns; sports, unbeaten Texas brightened up a rainy, dreary afternoon by sweeping California's rusted Golden Bears 33-6. Collins, a quick sophomore, also added a first in the Longhorn record book, quick-kicking 82 yards.

Battered down in a 7-7 tie, KSMU turned to pass interruptions into scores to haul down Navy 20-7. Quarterback Don Meredith picked 29 yards to Mike Blackney for one touchdown, plunged four yards for the second and then showed while Tony Williams picked off a Middle pass and haggled it 92 yards for the clincher.

And just to prove that the SWC was its usual unpredictable self, lightweight Arkansas effectively muzzled lumbering and unimaginative TCU and used a 25-yard field goal by chomping-gum Freddy Akers to upset the Horned Frogs 3-0.

In other games, Texas Tech outscored Mid 28-7; the Air Force bombarded Trinity 27-6. The top three:

1. TEXAS (4-1)
2. NEW (3-1)
3. ARKANSAS (3-2)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

Louisiana State vs. Miami

Little Fran Grier's pass may rattle the Bengals a bit, but Miami lacks the over-all strength to stop Billy Cannon and Co., who will make it 14 straight for LSU.

Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee

A real battle between two of the South's unbeaten teams. Tech has come up with some running depth to go with its fast, alert line and will outpace the Tennessee single wing. **GEORGIA TECH.**

Army vs. Penn State

Amused by Illinois last week, Army will have to shore up its front line to stop Penn State's Rikie Latta. I don't think the Cadets can do it without injured Bob Anderson. **PENN STATE.**

Syracuse vs. Navy

A devastating offense and an impenetrable defense make a happy combination. Syracuse has both and figures to be too strong for Navy. I'll go with **SYRACUSE.**

Princeton vs. Pennsylvania

I'm working this regional game on NBC-TV, so I won't pick it. But Penn is on the upgrade and its double wing T could make things uncomfortable for a good Princeton slab.

Purdue vs. Wisconsin

A tussle with bruising line play likely to overshadow the attack. However, Halie Hartshorn's passing will make the difference and give victory to **WISCONSIN.**

Northwestern vs. Minnesota

Even without injured Quarterback Dick Thornton, Northwestern should enjoy the afternoon with Minnesota. The Wildcats have too much for the Gophers. **NORTHWESTERN.**

Ohio State vs. Illinois

The Badgers are still smarting from their defeat by USC and looking for a victim. Illinois' new offense, with speed and spirit, won't feed **OHIO STATE.**

Texas vs. Oklahoma

The unbeaten and unscathed upon Longhorns, with brilliant backs and a rugged line, have their sights set on Oklahoma. The Sooners have scored once, and it can happen again. **TENAS.**

California vs. Notre Dame

Notre Dame's prototype offense was tested by Purdue, but it will be adequate against disappointing California and its many defensive weaknesses. **NOTRE DAME.**

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
A RIGHT 10 WROTE
CORRECT TO DATE: 17/24

Ric Rac

by ROBERT BRUCE



**Robert
Bruce**

Orlon sweaters with
a hand knit look

... A new bulky, inspired by hand-knit sweaters from abroad, the interesting new Robert Bruce "Ric Rac" series. It's 100% Orlon* with luxury that won't change through countless washings. Cross boatneck pullover, \$12.95. See "Ric Rac" in cardigans and shawl collar styles, too — at fine stores everywhere.

*DuPont's Acrilan fiber

ROBERT BRUCE INC. • KNITWEAR FOR MEN,
BOYS AND JUNIORS • PHILADELPHIA 33, PENNA.

FOR THE
MAN WHO WON'T
SETTLE
FOR AVERAGE



Yardley is made expressly for the man who knows the good things of life and intends to have them. If you are such a man, and like to see your money go a long way, try new Yardley After Shaving Lotion. Soothes razor burn, helps heal nicks. Its crisp tingle and cool, manly scent improve any shave, electric or lather. #1 plus tax.

You'll like all Yardley products for good grooming.
Preferred by men of the world around the world.

YARDLEY AFTER SHAVING LOTION

COMING EVENTS

October 9 to October 15

(all times in E.T.C.)

★ Color Screen ★ Television ★ Kinokut rolls

Friday, October 9

AUTO RACING

Nashville & Nashville World Wide Raceway, Nashville, Tenn. (approx. 10 p.m.) (through Oct. 12)

BOXING

1 Fight in Madison Square Garden, 100th St., NYC. (10 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

Saturday, October 10

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

BOXING

1 Fight in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

THEATRE

1 Production in the musical *Grease* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

HORSE RACING

1 Race in the *Belmont Stakes*, Belmont Park, NYC. (1 p.m.)

CONTRAST: 1960s

1 Film in the *1960s* at the New York City Theatre, 100th St., NYC. (8 p.m.)

WELCOME FANS



A SERIES OF STRANGE EVENTS

After 10 years of repeat performances—usually starring Casey and the Yankees—baseball's big show moved west with a new cast of characters. Result: the biggest crowds and richest receipts in Series history

IT WAS strange, seeing Casey Stengel in a business suit, sitting in the press box. Nine times in the last 10 years the World Series had been Casey's personal show; and now he was in the audience, looking like a drama critic from the Times.

Things were different all around. Comiskey Park is an old ball park, but as far as the Series was concerned it was practically brand-new. If you were a freshly delivered bouncing baby boy the last time the Series was played in Comiskey Park, you're 40 now and you don't remember Joe Jackson and Dickie Kerr.

The Los Angeles Coliseum is old, too—it was the site of the Olympic Games more than a quarter century ago—but major league baseball didn't shoulder its way into this great saucer until last year. California has never before had a World Series closer to it

than Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, which is hard by the Mississippi River some 1,600 miles east by north of that notorious left-field screen. And they haven't even had a Series there, in St. Louis, for 18 years. So, you see, things were different this year.

Comiskey Park is a perfectly ordered, nicely symmetrical stadium that holds 48,160 people at capacity. The Los Angeles Coliseum as a place to play baseball is lopsided, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and cross-eyed, but it seated \$3,294 paid customers last Sunday at the first World Series game ever played there, and that's almost 24,000 better than Yankee Stadium ever did for a Series game.

The Dodgers won the National League pennant only after a weird race in which defeat seemed to come almost as often as victory. The Dodgers did win the games they had to

win—especially those three big ones against San Francisco and the two straight from Milwaukee in the post-season playoff—but even so, their victory total was a measly 58. The White Sox, on the other hand, won their pennant by a good 5 games and had the added fame of being the team that stopped the Yankees.

Yet which was the confident, positive, swaggering club? The White Sox clattered Los Angeles 11-4 but cautiously warned, "It doesn't mean a thing. They didn't win the National League pennant playing like that." The Dodgers squeaked out a 4-3 win in the second game, with the aid of an extravagant dose of luck, yet boasted, "They're not much of a team. They don't scare you. There's four or five teams in our league better than the White Sox."

Oldenry continued. The Sox, famous for their speed, were out down time and again stealing or trying for the extra base. The Sox were known, too, for the double play (see picture on opposite page) but the Dodgers were the ones who made the best use of this blunt, rally-killing instrument.

One thing delighted both teams. The attendance at the first four games came to 280,225, and the players, who share in the receipts of the first four games only, had \$392,265.04 to divvy up, the highest ever. Amateur mathematicians proclaimed that each winning player's share would amount to something around \$13,000.

It was a strange Series. But certainly a profitable one.

COLOR OF THE WEEK: OUT BY AN EYELASH?

WHA—after-a-mee-to—sit situation. Developed in the first game when a White Sox double-play barely clipped Dodger Charlie Kneal at first base. Here, Chicago Second Baseman Nolin Flarescombatches

streak runs the glove of catcher Ted Kluwe at first base. Kneal's foot is inches from the bag and it seems impossible for the ball to reach Kluwe's glove in time to get him. But the umpire called Charlie out.

Photograph by John M. Zimmerman

TURN PAGE FOR BOB TENNELL'S STORY OF THE FIRST FOUR GAMES

GAME 1 WOW! THAT WHITE SOX POWER!

A **S**TRONG of strange things happened. A man stood in line for two days to buy a \$2 bleacher seat, then sold it to the first passer-by for \$19. The passer-by was a cop on the scalping detail. Rows hung from lampposts all over Chicago, but there wasn't even a strip of bunting inside Ceresky Park itself. The American flag stuck at half mast and remained there all day. To handle an overflow traffic situation, streets around the ball park were made one-way, thereby so confusing the natives that traffic jammed up for miles. Bill Veck, the White Sox president, refused to give Lou Perini, the Milwaukee Braves president, any extra tickets to the game because Veck hadn't been given even one ticket the year before. A handful of musical organizations, led by Jump Jackson's Dixieland band, whanged and tootled their way through the stands, leading an

air of hysterical unreality to the whole affair. A kid in the right field stands caught a home run ball and discovered the next morning that he was famous, his face peering happily forth from every newspaper in Chicago. He didn't want to be famous; with an excuse for illness, he was playing hockey from school.

But the strangest thing of all was the ball game itself.

"Keep Aparito off the bases," Walt Alston had warned his Dodgers, "and we should win." The Dodgers took care of Aparito, all right, but forgot about the other eight guys on the White Sox and lost 11-0. It was the worst World Series shutout since the Cardinals beat the Tigers 11-0 in 1904 and the worst defeat ever suffered by the Dodgers in a World Series.

Early Wynn, who won 22 regular-season games for the Sox at the age

of 39, pitched magnificently. His control was sharp, he was hitting the corners, and he held the Dodgers to six measly singles in seven innings before his elbow stiffened in the cold 60° weather and sent him to the bench. "He wouldn't give us anything down the middle," the Dodgers said, "but he wouldn't walk anybody, either. That old guy knows how to pitch."

Jim Landis hit three sharp singles and Al Smith a pair of line doubles but the day's big man with a bat was Ted Kluszewski. This large collection of muscles hit two home runs and a single, tying a World Series record with five runs batted in. Previously Kluszewski had hit only four home runs all season, but last Thursday little time was spent dwelling upon that; the entire White Sox ball club was out of character from the first pitch.

They didn't steal a base, they drew only one walk, they made only one double play. All they did was hit the ball hard. They knocked out Roger Craig, the best Dodger pitcher in those last frantic weeks of the National League pennant chase, and they did it in a big way. For a team whose entire offense is supposed to be built around a walk, a stolen base, an infield single and a sacri-



YES, IT CAN HAPPEN IN A WORLD SERIES: TODD WALLY MOON (LEFT) AND DUKE SHODER COLLIDE AND MANAGE TO LOSE THE BALL.

freely, they connected rather well.

The Sox scored two runs in the first inning on a walk, singles by Landis and Klu, and Mauer's bloop/careless fly. At this point the script was holding well. But in the third inning the show got out of hand. With one out, the Sox put eight straight batters on base, scored seven runs and humiliated a Dodger team as those powerful Yankee bull clubs in the past were never able to do.

The Dodgers helped, too. Duke Snider and Wally Moon panicked off one another pursuing a fly ball, and Snider was charged with an error. Minutes later Snider was charged with another error (it was a big day for records, when he threw behind a runner rounding second. Naturally, no one was there to catch the ball. Even this wouldn't have been so bad except that Gill Hedges, a lemming forth shortly to retrieve the throw, slipped and bounced on the grass. White Sox runners poured across the plate. Then Charlie Neal, at second, took a slow, hopping ground ball and threw to the plate to get a runner heading for home. The ball hit the bat, lying on the ground, or it hit the ground, or it didn't hit anything—neither Neal nor Catcher John Roseboro nor Manager Alton nor anyone else could say later exactly what did happen—and slipped through Roseboro's grasp, and another run scored.

It was a rather woolly inning. By the time it was over, the Dodgers had figured out why the Sox was throng at ball man.

Later, the White Sox were happy (but not jubilant); the Dodgers are happy but not depressed. The game, as both teams knew, was representative of almost nothing.

"They didn't win that pennant ever there," said Al Lopez, "by playing like that."

"It was one of those things," said Alton, "that sometimes happen. Maybe it's better psychologically than to lose by 2-1 or 3-2, although I hated to see the ball club look so bad. The spirit on this team has been the best I've ever seen. I'm not worried about them getting very far down."

"The only thing I resent," the Dodger manager continued, "was that nobody told me about all that White Sox power."

And here the Bill Veeck test about it? "Well," said Veeck, "in the third inning, when we scored seven runs, I almost left. I thought I'd gotten into the wrong park."



BIG KLU DOES A REAL CADILLAC JOB

IT WAS 1955's second year since Ted Kluszewski was a hero, and for a man used to the headlines, it was a long wait.

Crowds first cheered him as a star Big Ten end at Indiana in 1945, but it wasn't the baseball field that the cheers were loudest and longest. To fans of the Cincinnati Redlegs, he was Big Klu, a huge man of 240 pounds, with arms like an average man's thighs. For a decade he was their favorite, the greatest home run hitter in Cincinnati history. "There one spring day in 1951 the Big Man's bark began to arise. It lasted until he could hardly hear it. In 1952 he stopped hitting home runs and the crowd's stopped roaring."

For the next two years the headlines he made were medical, though no one could find a reason for the ache. Kluszewski was traded to Pittsburgh, but he did 1953 there. Last August 21 the White Sox, with nothing to keep up him from the Pirates. Although he hit well for Chicago during their drive to the pennant, he hit only two home runs. Then came the World Series and he hit twice in the first game. He thought the first one was going to be caught. The second was more like it, he said, a real Cadillac job. In picture above he crosses the plate to accept handshakes from last two, Jim Landis and Mauer. Below: He left good and his back didn't. The crowds were cheering him once more and the next day he was in headlines across the country.

At 33, Ted Kluszewski had had his biggest day yet.

GAME 2 DODGER HOMERS, WHITE SOX GOOF

IT WAS a circus on Thursday: on Friday it was baseball. The score was 4-3, the Dodgers won and suddenly people who had been talking about a four-game Chicago sweep remembered that the team winning the first game the last four years had lost the Series.

The White Sox looked a little more like the White Sox. They collected eight hits, which is about par for the course, but none of these were home runs. The Dodgers also looked like the Dodgers. They made mistakes, which they have been making all year, but they kept scrambling and clawing back and finally they won.

In the first inning the combined talents of Aparicio, Landis and Loflar accounted for two Chicago runs. Johnny Podres could have been out of the inning scoreless but a double-play ball by Klusowski took a funny bounce, hit Charlie Neal in the stomach instead of the glove, and the only play was on Klu at first base. Maury Wills made a bad play, too, but both Neal and Wills were to make up for their misuses later.

In the fifth, Neal hit a home run into the left field stands. The wind was with him and for a 156-pounder he can swing a bat pretty good.

In the seventh, with two out, Alton sent in a pinch hitter for Podres, although Johnny had been pitching very well. The pinch hitter was a former Standard Fireharker named Chuck Essegian, who once belonged to the Phillies and Cardinals and assorted minor league teams too numerous to mention. He swings right-handed, and Bob Shave, the good young Chicago pitcher, throws right-handed, and the Dodgers had some left-handed pinch hitters on the bench, but this is not what Alton was thinking about.

"We were a run behind, there were two out, and it was getting late," he said. "I wanted somebody who could hit the ball out of the park. I like the

way Essegian swings a bat. He doesn't hit very often but I thought he might hit one out."

So Essegian hit one out and the score was tied. This undoubtedly unsettled Shaw, and he walked Jim Gilliam. Then Neal hit one out. This particular home run sailed over Landis' head in deep center field, over the 415-foot sign on the fence and into the White Sox bullpen, where Billy Pierce reached out almost absent-mindedly and caught the evil thing on the fly. He gave it to a policeman. Later, in the Dodger dressing room, photographers took pictures of Neal's muscles, which hardly showed. Klusowski one day, Neal the next. Heroes are not measured in pounds.

That was about all except for the one very un-White Soxlike demonstration in the last half of the eighth. With Larry Sherry, the tough young rookie right-hander, pitching for Los Angeles, Klusowski singled to center and Loflar followed with a scratch single off Gilliam's glove. Loflar sent Earl Torgerson in to run for Klusowski. With the count three-and-two and the runners moving with the pitch, Al Smith whacked a double between Moon and Seider which hit the left field wall on one bounce.

When the ball came back, Moon was waiting for it. He whirled and threw a perfect strike to Wills, who had come out from shortstop to take the relay. Wills whirled and threw a perfect strike to Roseboro, who was

SEVERAL SALES: from rightist cup falls on chair Al Smith as Chicago outfielder watches Neal's first home go into seats.

SHOOTING OUT: young watching White Sox fans. Loflar (38) was out at home by 39 feet after a bad bit of base running.

squaring at two plates. And down the third base line plodded Lollar, out dead by 40 feet. Although Torgeson scored and Smith ended up on third, no look of the rally was broken.

Naturally, the question was: what made Maestran run? And what made Torgeson Coach Tony Cuccinello move him up? Both knew that Lollar is not Luis Aparicio or Jim Landis, although, of course, he is not Ted Kluszewski, either. The answer to everything revolves around the fact that White Sox success has been founded upon speed. They run to tie the game, they run to win by a run, they run to a pennant. When available, the White Sox run.

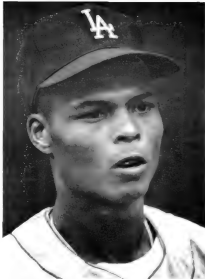
"The trouble, as I saw it," said Lopez, "is that Lollar hesitated just before he reached second. He thought maybe Moon would catch the ball." (It was a real try, no bluff on Moon's part. "And that put the timing of the whole play off just enough. We've been scoring all year from first base on doubles to left. And I don't mean just Aparicio and Landis. Everybody does it. Everybody but Klu. That's the way we play ball.")

But, Lopez was reminded, if Lollar had been held up, there would have been runners on second and third with nobody out. And since Lollar did beat fate going into second, thereby fouling up his chance to score, shouldn't Cuccinello have told him at third?

"You'll have to ask Tony about that," said Lopez.

Cuccinello, who has been working with Lollar and was in the dugout around third base for years, admitted he had gaoled. "Lollar was the tying run," he said. "I thought it would take a perfect play to beat him."

The Dodgers, who had been kidding the ball around for two days, had the perfect play when it counted. That's the way they are.



CHARLIE NEAL'S BEE-STING HOME RUNS

CUTTING NEAL doesn't look like a man who could hit two home runs in a year, much less one game. He weighs only 156 pounds and his wrists are thin. Yet he has hit 41 home runs in the last two seasons. He has played with the Dodgers for four years and is regarded as one of the best around batters in the National League. In the strong column of sports questioners, Neal looked embarrassed. What photos and he hit? He didn't know, he said, and when the reporters looked puzzled, he said he was sorry. A photographer asked him to make a run, and he looked embarrassed again as a longtime teammate compared it to a bee-sting. But their kidding was gentle. It was that bee sting which had tied the Series at a game apiece.





SHOUTING, SHRIEKING, HORN-BLOWING, WHISTLE-TOOTING MOB OF 92,294 WATCH DODGERS' DRYSDALE PITCH TO CHICAGO'S

GAME 3 92,294 PEOPLE AND ONE FURILLO

THE Dodgers beat Chicago in the third game the way they beat the Giants and Braves all year, by attrition. The Dodgers let the White Sox pitch them until the White Sox were worn out. It is not the easiest way in the world to win a baseball game, but it seems to work for Los Angeles.

In every inning, the White Sox managed to collect at least one hit, and sometimes two. Occasionally they added a walk, and once a hit batsman. Don Drysdale, the Dodger starter, was behind almost every batter. The Dodger bullpen looked like a picnic of ants. At the same time, Los Angeles was doing nothing with Dick Donovan, a slow-moving, quick-talking fellow who may have invented the slider. In the first six innings Donovan allowed only one Dodger hit, and he walked out a man. He struck out five and everyone else seemed to hit the ball into the ground.

But Drysdale, despite all the hits and walks, was tough when he had to be, and when things were the toughest he had Relief Pitcher Larry Sherry to bail him out. Defensively, the Dodgers were superb; they made some brilliant catches, they made no mistakes, they pulled off three double plays, and they had John Roseboro, the strong-armed catcher. The speed of this Chicago team is legend, but in the third game, the frustrated White Sox tried four times to steal and three times Roseboro threw them out.

"That's what I've been waiting for," said Don Zimmer, assistant shortstop and head cheerleader of the Dodgers. "For them to go-go and for Roseboro to gun them out."

"I hope," said Manager Al Lopez of the Sox, "that Roseboro doesn't change our thinking."

As for their offense, the Dodgers saved their strength for one big effort.

In the seventh, Neal hit a line single into the screen, the second hit off Donovan. Larker walked and Hodges walked, to fill the bases. Lopez took Donovan out and brought in Gerry Staley to pitch. Manager Walt Alton sent in Carl Furillo to bat. Furillo hit a hard ground ball between Aparicio and second base, the kind of play that Aparicio makes every day of the week. Only it was Sunday and the ball took a hop over his glove and two runs scored. "In the second game," said Alton, who doesn't particularly look like a genius, "I used Ensign because I needed a home run. Today I needed a single, so I used Furillo."

The White Sox, who in the first inning had filled the bases with one run and then failed to score, filled the bases again in the eighth. They scored this time, once, but on a double play that wrecked the rally. A pop fly followed to end the inning and the Dodgers were home free. They added another run in the eighth on Neal's double and stopped the White Sox cold in the sixth to win 3-1.

"I thought that it was a hell of a ball game," said Lopez. "We were lucky to win," said Alton.



APRIL 10 IS FIRST WORLD SERIES GAME PLAYED IN CALIFORNIA. CENTER FIELD SEATS IN ROW 10 ARE 700 FEET FROM HOME PLATE



ANCIENT HERO for Los Angeles is Carl Furillo, a Dodger since 1946. His extra-inning hit helped win pennant playoff; his two-run single won third game of Series.

GAME 4 SHERRY, SHERRY EVERYWHERE . . .

In the beginning the White Sox built their hopes on slickness and quickness, on poise and determination, on pitching and speed. By the time the fourth game was over it was apparent that the Dodgers were better in all of those. Sometimes they excelled by only a stride, an inch or a molecule, but they were better. Their promising, forcing gait bullied Chicago into errors. The White Sox were nervous and tight; you could see it in their faces and in the way they played.

On Monday Roger Craig was as good a pitcher as Early Wynn and when he needed relief there was Larry Sherry. For the third time in three games the amazing Dodger rookie came in to pitch and for the third time he saved a Dodger game. This time he even got credit for winning.

But as is their way, the Dodgers made even the easy victory come hard. They led 4-0 after six innings,

scoring all their runs in the third on five hits and sloppy White Sox fielding. They seemed to have the game well in hand, but in the eighth Landis singled, Fox singled, Klusowski singled, Lollar homered and the game was tied.

At this point every Dodger run in the Series had been scored with two out. But Gil Hodges, leading off the eighth, couldn't wait. He drove Gerry Staley's second pitch on a high arc far up into the sun-baked crowd out in left center. That was the run the Dodgers needed. Sherry did the rest.

On the blackboard in the Dodger dressing room after the game someone wrote "One to Go-Go-Go!"

In the White Sox dressing room Al Lopez said, "We still have a chance."

To end it the right way for the White Sox, a miracle was required. It was too bad but the Dodgers seemed to have a corner on miracles. **END**



THE DAY AFTER THE SPLATFISHING CHAMPION JOSE RAMALHEITE DROWNED, A RESCUE DIVER CORPS UPON HIS BODY, RESTING

DEATH IN THE DEEP

UNDER A SWARTZ SKY, just before midday, a small, dark boat, its hull painted a lurid yellow, was carrying a late winter's gathering of sea divers for the Mediterranean open-water swimponnage. Divers were on course from Britain, America as well as Europe, but it was generally conceded that the individual title would go either to latest champion of France or to the Portuguese champion, Jose Ramalheite. In the week before the meet Ramalheite, an outgoing sort of champion, practiced with a group of prospective rivals. Corman, always intent, practiced alone, "configured his 'worst techniques'." In the late afternoon of the

first big practice day Corman, the loner, spotted a big grouper in a dark bay. He asked the oilhead to open up, trying him to get an underwater light. The oilhead begged Corman to kick his anchorman, but the oilhead was not out. The oilhead went off to get the light and returned to find the big squid and the diver missing.

While divers were working in vain over Corman's body, other divers were searching for another missing diver, Jose Ramalheite. They found his body the next morning. Like his French rival, Ramalheite had opened a fish and dropped. Forty feet down he lay against a rock where, the next day, rescuers

open—like a man patiently waiting.

Ramalheite tragically was not with out precedent. Ramalheite was one of two providing candidates for the U.S. spearfishing team. Alan Riddle of Miami and Edward Fergusson of Maryland, and another diver, the diver named, like Corman, of England, Ramalheite of Portugal, both of the American were successful in the open-water swimponnage. At the meeting, died none of the four divers was in water that challenged his ability, too greatly. None of them had been using breathing apparatus. For all four, a free dive of 80 feet was a fairly easy work, yet all had drowned more than 50 feet. What had happened?



LIFELINE ON A ROCK SLAB 40 FEET DOWN

Most probably all four divers had blacked out from lack of oxygen. Oxygen is the vital gas in every breath, but, ironically, it is not the lack of oxygen but the build-up of carbon dioxide in the system that stimulates the all-important process of breathing. The urge to breathe, generally, is a powerful one, but the expert diver who stoically suppresses the urge can literally push himself beyond the limits of consciousness. Because the reflex action of breathing persists beyond this point, the unconscious free diver fills his lungs with water and drowns. It is most likely that all four of the divers who perished last summer passed themselves unwittingly past the point of no return.

—COLIN PINNEY

DROWNED Diver Ramadetha, mask still in place, is pulled up to the rescue boat.



THUNDER FROM THE HERD

The once-formidable victory cry at USC has been largely muted over the past few years, but after last week's win over Ohio State the Trojan glory days seem to be back

by JAMES MURRAY

WHEN THE GAME WAS OVER and his team had been soundly beaten, Ohio State Coach Wayne Woodrow Hayes consoled himself 1) by slugging a reporter who got in his way into a concrete wall; and 2) by opining grudgingly to the surviving press: "This is definitely the best West Coast team we have played since I have been coaching. I don't even want to look at the statistics. They must be terrible."

For Ohio State the statistics were terrible: USC had scored 17 points, Ohio State 0; USC had 381 yards passing, Ohio State 81; USC had 21 first downs, Ohio State 11. The defeat was, to put it mildly, decisive.

But not even the extent of the defeat and the fact it had come against a Big Ten team and might move the USC Trojans into contention for the

No. 1 spot in national ranking was an answer to West Coast rosters as the fact it had come against Coach Woody Hayes, a man popularly regarded in the West as football's answer to Mark the Knife.

In 1955, just after his Big Ten champions had maimed USC in the Rose Bowl 29-7, Hayes was a laughing winner who took to the press-room podium to claim the vanquished Trojans would be lucky to finish fifth in the Big Ten.

In 1958, just after his 29-point-favorite Barkleys had barely escaped with their lives against Oregon in the Rose Bowl 10-7, Woody scaled his hat into the postgame press conference and crowed sweetly: "The better team always wins, always. And we won!"

It was small wonder that before

last Friday night's game in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the customarily multi-syllable name of USC, then Clark, bestowed his team's dressing room and coaching office with copies of a framed plaque reading: "After the 1955 Rose Bowl game Coach Woody Hayes said: 'The Trojans were pretty good for a West Coast team. They wouldn't finish higher than fifth in the Big Ten.'" And then, just before game time, a wire conveniently arrived in the Trojan locker room from a nonadmirer in Chicago. Signed anonymously, **OLD ROCKERS**, it read: **ONCE AGAIN, THE BIG TEN WILL RUN OVER A DEFENSELESS AND DEFEATABLE PACIFIC COAST TEAM. IT WILL BE AGAIN THAN HOWA OVER A BAYSE WEEK.**

"Old Barkleys" couldn't have been more helpful if he had been an Old Trojan. The USC football squad, the best seen on that campus since the halcyon days of the late Coach Howard Jones, had to file past the telegram on its way to the football field. It was grimly resentful when it lined up to kick off to the young Barkleys.



HARVARD DRIVE against Barknell was engineered by Quarterback Charlie Ravelle (24), off balance and holding ball like hot potato here. Not a brilliant runner or passer—a man renowned, like baseball's Eddie Stanky, for his loutishness—Ravelle led the Crimson to 20-6 victory at Cambridge.

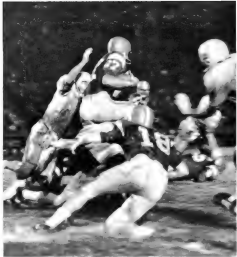
GEORGIA TECH SHOCKER on first play from scrimmage against Clemson found sophomore Mark Bobby Gene Harris (21) for 50 yards. Harris later was awarded 64 and 65 yards.



Although Coach Clark, in his typically laconic scouting report to his Trojans, had freely predicted, "We're going to have to fight for our life inside," shortly thereafter it was the Ohioans who were fighting for their lives inside and out. Ohio ball carriers disintegrated into the middle of the USC line as though they had stepped into rats of boiling grease. It was soon apparent to Woody Hayes, sitting on the sideline, that the West Coast worm had turned and his players were on the field against a very good football team indeed. By the half, Ohio State had gained only 25 net yards rushing and 13 yards passing, and the pretty-pearl-gray pants and white shirts of Hayes's heavier but slower team had been riddled with ribbons of red of the Dodgers' baseball infield as soon as they had been untagged. Even the Buckeye's incomparable Bob White, who the Trojans had been named, had never lost a yard in his collegiate career, barely lived up to his reputation, with an average of only two yards per carry.

OSU, of course, played typical head-knocking Big Ten football and the Trojans were hardly running

off Tony F.



TITANIC LINE COLLIDES AS OAK ALAN SMITH'S CARRIES IN WIN OVER OHIO STATE

As one of the expected stars for Hayes was the 11-foot, 16-quarter-pound, 170-lb. Black Line (11) on Clemson's Jim Wilson (21) and running back Earl Edwards (22) to the



MINNESOTA TOUCHDOWN by Halfback Tom King (44) on two-yard flying plunge was crowd-pleaser in Gophers' 24-14 victory over Indiana. Puppets' defense of Big Ten, Minnesota delighted a crowd of 52,927 at Minneapolis with a wide-open attack and grinding defense that held the Hoosiers scoreless for first three periods.



BAD DAY AT URBANA eased Army Coach Dale Hall, trained here by charismatic basketball coach John Wooden and blown during stunning 14-20 losses to Illinois. Batted on the ground by

a ferocious Illinois line, Army was only modestly successful through the air, and the inspired Illini, led by third-string quarterback Mel Meyer, struck hard and often by both routes.

THUNDERING HERD continued

away with the game, but a field goal from the State 10-yard line by Don Zachik and a kangaroo catch by Trojan End Luther Hayes, with five seconds to go, made the half-time score 9-0.

The second half was even more of a disaster for the proud Hayes, who fumed on the sidelines as his squad took a physical as well as a scoreboard beating. Once when the Buckeyes mounted a drive against the USC second unit that carried to the USC 10-yard line, Clark sent his first team back into the game, and Fullback White was stopped for his first two yardage losses. USC took over the ball on its 6 and shortly thereafter had another touchdown and a two-point conversion. Probably the finest tribute to USC was the fact that Hayes's team, which has been taught that throwing a forward pass is about on a par with playing with dolls,

something a grown football player never indulges in, went to the air 12 times.

ALLIANCE ON THE PROWL

Like all great football squads, this one of the Trojans did not unexpectedly show up at the USC registrar's office. Two years ago, their back on edge over a succession of humiliations at the hands of the Big Ten and a plethora of penalties handed down by the NCAA and their own moribund conference, USC alumni took to the hustings of peep football not only in California but all over the country. "Army, Navy, Notre Dame, Georgia, Air Force and everyone else are out looking in our backyard for football players. We have as much right to go into theirs," was the attitude expressed by a university spokesman and seconded by the now and football-minded university president, Dr. Norman Topping. The result was the extension of the Los Angeles city

limits to include suburbs like Katella, Mass. and Union City, N.J. and the wholesale raid on that melange of good football players, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Stirred with a vintage crop of southern Californians, this mixture will prove a heady potion indeed for opponents.

At USC the student body has reacted with an challenge and cockiness more consistently associated with extrovert California than the hang-dog, timorous mien of the past decade. When the Trojans were cloistered in Pittsburgh, a good football team, 23-0 two weeks ago, the rooting section responded in the fourth quarter by chanting derisively, "Bring on the Rams." When Ohio State was reeling under the Trojan line charge, the stands roared, "We're No. 1 now." Later it taunted Ohioans with the innocent words, "What's a Buckeye?"

The new Trojans have brought about a revival of the pre-World War

continued on page 23

GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

and unmatched for whine-free,



Town & Country tires will GO through backroad



Only Firestone gives you this Guarantee plus Triple-Action Traction

On a country road or a city street, here's the pulling power you need for trouble-free winter driving. **PULLING** action! **NON-SKID** action! **SELF-CLEANING** action! You get winter-proven Triple-Action Traction plus Firestone Rubber-X, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. That's why Firestone Town and Country tires offer you extra miles of service—even over dry pavements. They're available in tubeless or tube-type with S/F (Safety-Fortified) nylon or rayon cord, all-black or white sidewalls, in all sizes for American and imported cars. They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow—or your Firestone Dealer or Store refunds your towing charge!

FIRESTONE HAS



Unmatched winter performance, guaranteed by a new Firestone Triple-Action Traction tire. The triple-action, built-in traction system provides wet and cold-weather safety.



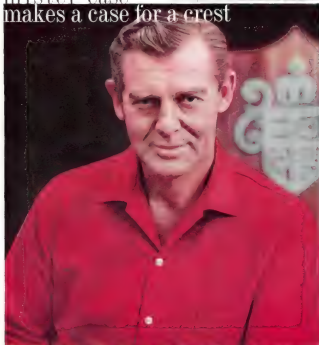
And, unlike other winter tires, Firestone Triple-Action Traction tires are built to last. They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow—or your Firestone Dealer or Store refunds your towing charge!

Manhattan

"See the crest crested on the pocket: it says 'shirt,'" jokes Nelson Ains, distinguished man-about-town.

In costume, too, gives you a special sense of fit. But the Manhattan® Crestall Sport Shirt has a lot more than just a crest! It fits your need for a sport shirt that's different. Made of Rammer®—Manhattan's 100% cotton fabric—it dries smooth after washing, needs no ironing. And exclusive "Reserve Neutren" keeps it smooth all day. Crestall is only \$5.95; slightly higher in the West. In hand, some men call it "the shirt that's a crest." The Manhattan® Shirt Company. 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

mister case
makes a case for a crest



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Symptoms of the Week

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV left for China just in time. If he had loitered around into World Series week it's pretty doubtful that he would have commanded much of a listening audience; certainly his *Trendes* would have gone down with a swoop. Because last week the Series was working its old fascination on the U.S. mind, a fascination scarcely interrupted even when Khrushchev's rocketeers sent up a space camera to girdle the moon. Signs of our national October preoccupation are all around, but these are a few worth setting down as examples of the symptomatology:

The shrimp fishing fleet went to sea again off Charleston, S.C. after three days of sheltering from hurricane Gracie. There is an FCC ruling which prohibits unnecessary chatter on shrimp-boat and other marine radio frequencies. But the rule was forgotten last week as the shrimp fleet yakked back and forth about baseball. Skippers with handy standard-broadcast receivers picked up the play-by-play accounts from NBC and relayed the action by radiophone to skippers without them. Captain W. D. Coosa, a White Sox fan, lived up the Atlantic Ocean with blasts on his boat horn every time the Sox scored in that 11-0 game.

In Honolulu the state legislature found itself in busy session, but—as so not to be cut off from vital incoming intelligence—instructed staff messengers to circulate inning-by-inning scores.

A baseball lover in the other new state, an Eskimo named Paul Tsilana, found he could delay no longer in setting out for the Bering Sea walrus hunt, so he pushed off from Nome with a reliable transistor set stowed in his skin boat.

In a way, though, maybe it's too bad Khrushchev had to leave when he did. When he visited the set of *Can-*

Can at the Twentieth Century-Fox lot in Hollywood and made his well-known sharp remark about preferring humanity's face to its backside, Actress Shirley Maclaine, the star of *Can-Can*, was properly upset. She thought it was unfair of Nikita to blame a French can-can, as he seemed

to be doing, on some defect in American culture. And she was inclined to criticize the Los Angeles arrangements a bit, too. "Had they wanted to show him something typically American," she said, "they should have taken him to a baseball game."

continued



COLISEUM SELLOUT FOR WORLD SERIES TO GROSS RECORD \$1,750,000 PLUS—News Item

"Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Nikita might have had a hard time getting a couple of tickets to the sold-out Coliseum last week, but if he'd been there the sight would have been worth his attention.

Contest in Manhattan

THEY settled the Scotch pouring championship of the world in New York the other day by finding out which of 11 experts could fill 10 whisky glasses in the shortest possible time. The event took place on a golden fall afternoon at a peppercorn pub known as Sardi's East, and the experts included two bartenders from Britain, winners of an elimination contest in London in August; a man from the Royal York in Toronto; and eight Americans, from the Waldorf Astoria, the Plaza, the Harwyn, Sardi's East and such places; including the reigning American champion, Nick Alezio, of the Edes Roo Club, who was a strictly U.S. contest two years ago. Several young and pretty girls acted as timekeepers, carrying stop watches borrowed for the occasion from Abercrombie & Fitch.

The rules had a frank simplicity. Fronted lines were etched around each shot glass at the one-ounce level. Penalties were as follows: one second added to a bartender's time if he filled the glass above the line ("cheating the house"); two seconds for filling below the line ("cheating the customer"); one second for spilling the stuff on the bar ("does nobody say

good?"). To prevent misunderstanding, it was agreed the third penalty would be invoked only for a good-sized puddle, not for a drop or two.

The contenders were lined up behind portable bars in the rear of Sardi's East, and three dozen spectators had assembled when the contest began. To get to the swirl of the matter right off, the pouring championships were pretty clearly paid for by a firm of Glasgow distillers, William Grant & Sons, since Grant's eight-year-old Scotch was poured, and the spectators were offered free samples. Such



preliminaries were soon interrupted, however, by the shrill piping of bagpipes onstage, and there entered Murdoch Buchanan, of the Isle of Barra in the Hebrides, a distinguished-looking elderly man in dark kilts, piping down the valleys wild. By this time, also, many adult acquaintances from the advertising profession were circulating freely in the crowd, slapping one another on the back. A man from Grant's sales and explained that countless millions drinks of Scotch whisky are poured every year. He figured that 21 million seconds were spent just pouring whisky. If the time could be reduced, more time

could be spent drinking whisky. It therefore gave him pleasure to introduce Basil Rathbone, the actor, who was particularly well fitted to act as umpire because he had made the role of Sherlock Holmes famous after World War I.

"Make it World War II, can't you?" said Mr. Rathbone, in an irritated stage whisper, climbing on a bar stool.

Eight bartenders were lined up for the North American elimination preliminaries. "Ready!" cried Sherlock Holmes. The bartenders held their bottles of Grant's at the ready. "I was in one of these before," said Frank Harries, an amiable bartender from the Harwyn Club. "My time was 48 seconds and my nearest competitor was 57 seconds."

"Four!" shouted Mr. Rathbone, looking more than ever like Sherlock Holmes in disguise. There was a roar from the crowd. Judges examined the glasses through magnifying glasses to check the measure. Then Mr. Rathbone said that Ralph DiLella, of the Royal York of Toronto, had won the elimination contest. His time was 17½ seconds.

By this time the crowd was in a well-bred uproar. Photographers were taking pictures and Murdoch Buchanan, with a rapt expression on his features, was playing *The Blue Belle of Scotland*.

Four finalists now lined up for the championship. Besides Ralph and the reigning champion, Nick, who was an air of good-natured determination, they included George Beaumont, 46, from the Norfolk Hotel in London, and Monty Gates, 28, of London's Embassy Club. In 14 seconds Monty Gates eliminated his rivals and was crowned world champion. He really filled all 10 glasses in 12 seconds, but two penalty seconds were added for puddles on the bar. "I was born in Scotland," said Monty, accepting the gold-based shot glass trophy, "and I am dying home tomorrow." The man from Grant's came by saying, "Has anybody seen those magnifying glasses we borrowed from Abercrombie & Fitch?" Nobody had. The assembled bartenders

continued

They Said It

CAROL STENDEL, of the New York Times, joking with reporters while making the World Series for LARRY: "Don't expect any straight dogs from me. Why should I tell you anything? I'm saying it for myself. If you want straight dogs, just write different from what I say, cause I'll switch it on gas for my magazine. Then I might switch it again and we'll all be sorry."

JACK DEMPSEY, announcing he is no longer connected with *Romantic Enterprises, Inc.*: "My agreement with Valérie and Koko ended September 22. That was the day we hoped to have Johnstone and Patterson meet in the referee fight for the heavyweight championship. Well, we didn't make the fight for then and my time has expired. I only got expenses out of this."

ANTONIO DOS SANTOS, ballfighter, on being jailed in Portugal for hitting a ball in the ring, a relative of Portuguese law: "Something just came over me."

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A Characterization



Gary Andrews—bachelor—Chicago, Ill.—department store executive—attributes success to "hard work and good walking shoes"—can afford any cigar, smokes Robt. Burns Panatelas.



Enjoys golf—putting strongest part of game—has standing offer at club: free drinks and Robt. Burns Panatelas when he breaks 90—feels pretty safe.

Dates frequently but no one steadily—likes to end up at Lake Shore Drive apartment for backgammon—even more enjoyable with a mild, flavor-rich Robt. Burns Panatela.



Helped root White Sox to first pennant in 40 years. "I went to the games so often, they charged me with an over everytime I missed a foul"—never misses chance to relax with a Robt. Burns Panatela.

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27c. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25c—15c each—3 for 50c—25c each.

The real fun Robt. Burns unique mildness Smooth Smoke Under Tobacco—a form of tobacco, completely useless for even burning, smoother smoking.

© 1950 Great Cup Co., Inc.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

nodded with the detached friendliness of bartenders, and the crowd fled out into the quiet of the autumn afternoon.

Not a very big crowd. Not a very big championship. Just something for New Yorkers in the first fall in 11 years with no World Series in town.

The Negative Approach

THERE'S all manner of anti things these days: antiminis and anti-Communists, of course, and even anti-matter; serious reminders of trying times. But now, reversing this somber trend, it is possible to report the most entertaining anti since Auntie Mame.

It's called antibrIDGE or negative bridge, and for some months now a group of Los Angeles engineers have been playing it at lunch hour sessions in the back offices of Thompson Ramo Woodridge, one of the country's most respected space-age engineering firms.

It was in this atmosphere of slide rules and equation-covered blackboards last week that the engineers were found brushing sandwich

crumbs and milk cartons to one side to play a card game that makes a kibitzer think he has stepped into a Kafka nightmare.

"You should have trumped my ace," one player glaringly accuses his partner. "Fine work; you took only three tricks," another offers in a sincere, if taper-turvy, congratulation.

What has befallen the most vicious of seated sports that its values should be reversed? Not much. Simply the introduction of an added bid: a minus bid at any level.

A bid of minus four hearts, for example, means that you pledge you can avoid taking all but three tricks if hearts are trumps. If you take four tricks you are down one; five tricks, down two; etc.

As Peter Bolles, one of the founders of antibrIDGE, explains, normal positive bids may also be made, though a corresponding minus bid is higher—minus four hearts is higher than four hearts but lower than four spades. The rules of play and scoring are unchanged, except in a minus contract declarer's partner plays the hand.

Thus antibrIDGE combines regular

bridge with a hint of high-low poker and the nasty venom of hearts, that game in which devious means are used to keep from winning tricks. What the new bidding does for bridge, Bolles claims, is end the traditional complaint that "we sat here all night and didn't hold a card." Now low hands are as interesting as high ones.

It also turns a good bridge player into a better one, says Bolles, for you must keep track of low cards as well as high ones during the play of all negative bids. If you don't you suddenly win tricks with fines and fines that you didn't want to win at all. About 30% of all hands are played at negative contracts, say antibrIDGERS.

Steady antibrIDGE playing has led Bolles & Co. to develop bidding conventions, some of which must be watched as closely as a card shark's sleeve. Six points or less in high cards, for example, makes an admirable minus-one no-trump opener, says Bolles, but a minus-one bid in a suit actually shows an opening positive hand with a singleton or void in the bid suit.

The word on antibrIDGE is beginning to get around; to the point, in fact, where the Los Angeles engineers have printed instructions for their game and passed them to friends on the outside, so to speak.

But if it becomes popular, look out. Those chaps at Thompson Ramo Woodridge sound like a restless lot, and one of them is sure to start working on a new game soon called antibrIDGE. When it happens, you'll be told.

Forever

BRITISH governments can stay in power for five years, but British institutions are more permanent. So it was in keeping that this Thursday, General Election Day in Britain, in the interests of full turnout at the polls, all horse racing has been canceled except the Town Plate at Newmarket. Why the exception? Well, in the late 1600s King Charles II decreed that the Town Plate, a four-mile affair over the green turf, should be run on "the second Thursday in October for ever."



"Will you tell us, *Gretchenberg*, how you got loose in the Coliseum during the World Series and read about dodging players and athletes while 20,000 spectators wildly cheered you out?"



**Mrs. Alfred Wells, friend, Nanny, 6 children,
and St. Bernard have found a smarter way to go!**



"This is the first station wagon that really makes sense"

Ten people (including Jack the St. Bernard who is really more of a person than a dog, in our opinion) ride easily in the latest wagon, Station Wagon. And there's still a spare amount of space for beach chairs, picnic baskets, a striped umbrella, et cetera. (Most people are unfortunates to discover that the VW



Station Wagon is a good four feet shorter than conventional wagons, yet holds more than the largest station wagon. It also costs hundreds of dollars less and saves lots of money on gas and oil. (It's been thought to drive on a gas that's twice as expensive as it is.) And it has a sliding sunroof — makes it an awfully cool

A COTTON-PICKIN' TEAM WITH HEART

ADAMSVILLE HIGH lost to Murfreesboro the other day, and that wound up a perfect football season—indeed a perfect four seasons. For in that time, Adamsville, in southeastern Tennessee, has not won a single game. Moreover, in the time someone it has been playing organized football, Adamsville has won only two. Says a patron with sympathy: "We're offering \$500 reward in Tennessee to anyone who can reach our record." And it so goes in Adamsville: proud of that record, they at least keep smiling grimly and looking toward a brighter day. In a world too full of people congratulating themselves or seeking sympathy, it is a refreshing breeze that blows through Adamsville, and we salute that spirit.

How bad is Adamsville? "We've had such awful teams," says a citizen, "people just sat on the sidelines playing marbles and smoking." In its first few games in 1951, an Adamsville back looked for a pass 27 yards the wrong way and the team was outscored 91-0. That same year Adamsville scored six points in all its opposition. In 1953 Adamsville won its first game and scored eight from Johnson. Two years later (over seven years), says Dave Griffith, the coach, "This year I've got one lineman who's real big and fast. He can pick up the front end of a jeep and carry it around. But he

hasn't made a tackle all year." Joe Wittingham, a furniture dealer, says, "There are highlights and lowlights in our football history. Let's look at the highlights. I've seen our boys back up and give the other fellow running room. I've seen them kicked off to and there ain't nobody would have it." The Adamsville Tennessee ranks 235 Tennessee high school teams, and Adamsville is consistently ranked 235th.

What is wrong with Adamsville? One thing is the cotton-picking season, which overlaps the football season. When the cotton is ripe, most of the team must pick cotton all day before practice at night. Another liability is a miserable practice field that wanders up hill and down, and, during rainy stretches, is mired with green sludge in the low spots. "Some fields have dogs," says Coach Griffith. "There are times when suits have dogs." Finally, among the seniors at least, there is the taint of defeatism. As one boy put it: "We can't ever win until we get rid of those damn seniors. They won't make losing sport."

What is ahead for Adamsville? "I'll stay here until I rot," says the coach firmly. "We're going to have a winning team." "Yes, Coach!" shout the equally optimistic players in the postgame showers. That's the spirit, we say again. And win or lose, Adamsville High, we're with you. **END**



OUTRAGED Coach Griffith (above) has no doubts about his team.

(Below) Adamsville boys look for a victory day.

ADAMSVILLE BOYS, EVEN DOWN BUT NEVER OUT, LOOK FORWARD TO A VICTORY DAY AFTER 40-7 SHELLACING BY MURFREESBORO HIGH



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Uelske

Indian Summer in Siberia

**Often associated with isolation
and despair, Siberia, in some
spots at least, has the sort of
autumn beauty that people
of all nations enjoy each fall
in their own countries**

TWO MANY PEOPLE, the word Siberia suggests a desolate, rugged country, a land of ice and snow, endless steppes, forced labor camps—a point of no return. For years the region has been synonymous with loneliness. And indeed, this is truly the frontier of Russia, birthplace of the Buryats, Mongols and other wild tribes.

However, near the thriving industrial center of Irkutsk, 2,600 air miles from Moscow, lies an oasis of sorts, a vast rolling tract of land bounding the shores of Lake Baikal. Its key waters abound with over 1,300 animal and vegetable species, including inland seals and fresh-water sponges. The rocky shores roll away to grass-covered slopes and scattered patches of woods.

Here in October, with the sun shining through the sheltering birches and pines bounding the lake shore, there is a softness to the air. The freshness of Indian summer is transmitted to soldiers and children, old men and women—all taking the air together in the warm days before Siberian winter sets in.

The banks of the Angara River, as well as the lake shore, are lined with fishermen. Their quarry is the chiras, or whitefish, like those found in our own Great Lakes region. Some of the men sit quietly, going about their fishing with solemn intent. Others stop and exchange stories, joking and laughing together. In the groves of trees a short way back from the water, small groups, more successful than their comrades, are already preparing fish chowder from their catch. Farther inland, a motorcycle sputters up the road, bearing a man and his happy son on an outing in the autumn sunlight. The harvest is in and life is beautiful. Moscow and politics seem very far away.

October sunlight filters through towering rowifers as soldiers enjoy a Sunday rest on Lake Baikal





Autumn pleasures are varied—a small boy holds on happily to his father as they cycle to a day's outing; two fishermen pass by the lake shore, warmly dressed against a ragrant breeze; and a group of city children picnic gaily in the clean, fresh air of the country





Chowder time: Happy Soviet anglers prepare a hearty soup from small fish they caught in the Angara River.

This is the amazing Yashica Y16
with fastest loading
film cartridge...easy
to use...makes incredibly sharp
big pictures from tiny negatives
...and color slides, too... \$34⁹⁵



See the new Y16 and other famous Yashica products at your Yashica dealer

YASHICA YT-100
8-Transistor
Pocket Radio



\$24.95 with
Battery, case and
instructional brochure.



YASHICA 480
\$29.95



YASHICA M11
\$29.50



YASHICA 150L3
\$24.95



YASHICA E2
\$129.50

For further details write to:  Yashica Inc., 234 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

DERRING-DO DOWNS PENTATHLONEERS

Photographs by Guy Martin



RECOVERING from fall, West Germany's Police Corporal Hubertus Fromm watches officials try to revive horse who was too exhausted to continue.

Not unlike of Walter Mitty's in more riposte with hazard than the real-life sporting event known as the Modern Pentathlon, an athletic ordeal comprising five consecutive days of riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and running, last week the pentathlon world championships in Helsinki, Fin. attracted spectators from 14 countries to witness the tale of the Soviet Union's redoubtable two-



RELAXING on the sidelines, Soviet Union's Igor Norikov, wearing green-and-yellow robe

COLLAPSING at finish of track event, Argentina's Lieke Lunde Olsen falls to ground as



time world champion, Igor Novikov. During the five torturous days of competition, few contenders emerged unscathed, but Novikov proved as indomitable as his reputation. The riding event started with a series of thrilling spills in which the three competing Germans, all policemen from Berlin, were painfully injured. Novikov's teammate Nikolai Tatarinov sprained his shoulder when his horse

were scuffled over the final fence, but continued on to put his team first.

During the next day's teaming Champion Novikov himself, having fallen behind in the rating because "I drew a dead horse" made up for lost points in 15 hours of rugged epic battle.

During the shooting it began once more to look as though the big Russian might not be invincible after all

—his gun misfired and his score was average. But Novikov, the invincible, pulled close to first place once more in the swimming. On the last day he ran the 4,000-meter course in an incredible 19:56 and galloped across country on a pulled bison in the best Walter Mitty style to sack up the world's pentathlon championship to the greater glory of Soviet Russia for the third time in a row.

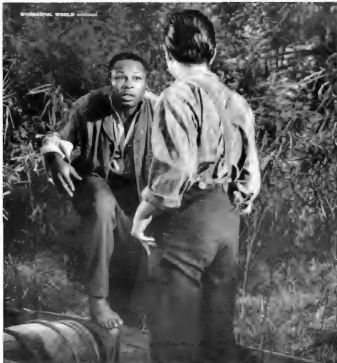


and Novikov, a four-time champion. Novikov, a seven-time Olympic champion, continued.

Great Britain's Sergeant Ken Cobby, who started behind, caught, closed the fourth day.



PERSEVERING in time, Soviet Union's Nikolai Tatarinov spins out short of tactics. He remounted after a completed course with splintered shoulder.



ASTONISHED TO SEE HUCK FINN AFTER THINKING HIM DEAD, ARCHIE MOORE, AS JIM, DEBTS IN FILM OF TWIN SOULS

NEW ROLE FOR A CHAMP

THE BARBARIAN GENT on this sound-stage riverbank usually performs in luggy trunks and never keeps his hands so low, his chin so far out. He is, of course, Archie Moore, the light-heavyweight champion, and the world from here to Tasmania has always been his stage.

Archie has held forth eloquently all his life (which began, if you listen to the talk, somewhere in the Jurassic Age), but this is the first time he is getting paid for ranting. For Archie here is portraying Jim, the run-

away slave, in a successful screen test for *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which M-G-M started shooting last week way down upon the old Sacramento River.

Moore memorized 16 pages of dialogue overnight for his test. Said proud Producer Sam Goldwyn Jr., after catching Archie's scenes: "Archie puts warmth and poignancy on the screen." Said Archie the Actor: "I just finished Mark Twain's book. I never had time to read it when I was a boy. I was too busy earning a living."

Viyella 100% WOOL
 100% COTTON
 100% LINEN
 100% RAYON
 100% POLYESTER
 100% COTTON
 100% LINEN
 100% RAYON
 100% POLYESTER

Hathaway imports the muted shades of auld Scotland—in Viyella.

THE SCOTCHMAN, with his famous Tartan, has been a symbol of Scotland since the 18th century. The Scotchman, with his famous Tartan, has been a symbol of Scotland since the 18th century.

Now, with the C. F. Hathaway Company, you can have the same quality and style as the Scotchman, with his famous Tartan, has been a symbol of Scotland since the 18th century.

Hathaway's quality and style are the same as the Scotchman's. Hathaway's quality and style are the same as the Scotchman's. Hathaway's quality and style are the same as the Scotchman's.

...and the same quality and style.

Being a quality and style, Hathaway's quality and style are the same as the Scotchman's. Hathaway's quality and style are the same as the Scotchman's.



Ancient Turkey



Ancient Umbra



Ancient Ochre



BACK
'EM
UP
WITH
A
WINCHESTER



THE DIRT ISN'T NEW FROM AFRICA—Twelve-year-old boy, middle class, from a suburban Chicago suburb, Illinois. He is a gifted student, intelligent, athletic, and academically motivated. He is a sharp kid. By normal standards, this child is a "gifted" student. He is a "gifted" student.



NO POWER MEN Since power lines are everywhere, the Power Line series (see this page) is a natural choice for the power-hungry male. The Power Line sports a sleek, modern look. The Power Line is a sleek, modern look. The Power Line is a sleek, modern look.



It might seem all right to ask for the extra pump for less money than you'll pay later. But the extra money is just a bribe. It's not the best investment you can make. You're taking care and introducing some new technology. It doesn't cost anything more than a Winchester month when you buy it and contribute to the pride you have when you shoot it and show it.

The quality of a Winchester-down-south-southwest (WNW) strike-slip fault keeps on changing, from one generation to another, in a step-wise, where only a few generations can be known-how can put it. Model 12 from



the Winchester Time
Elementary School.



finger pointing to the right.
The first finger is the index finger.
The second finger is the middle finger.
The third finger is the ring finger.
The fourth finger is the little finger.
The fifth finger is the thumb.



weatherproof—The rains and humidity of the Washington area make weatherproofing your car's top a tough task. A Wash-based car wash, weatherproofing, and detailing service, *Weatherproof Wash & Detail*, is available in the Washington area. Call 703-441-2222. *Car Wash & Detail* is available to work for you—get a Wash-based.



When comparing the two countries, I also found that there are fewer women operating with their own business in the United States than in Japan and Sweden. The findings suggest higher sex equality in the United States and Japan, as well as that men and women are more equal in the United States than in Japan. For more information on these and other issues, please visit www.entrepreneur.com/resources/entrepreneur.

**WINCHESTER Western**

MUNSINGWEAR

knit-knit shirts of 80% "Orlon", 20% wool in a range of smart colors. Shirt shown about \$10.95 at Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Devereaux Dry Goods Company, Beverly Hills; & Frank, Los Angeles; Dayton's, Minneapolis; The New Diamond's, Phoenix; and other fine stores.



Photo: The Associated Press

THE NEW CAREFREE KNITS

New knit shirts of "ORLON" and wool are luxuriously comfortable, keep their shape, come in many smart styles

For most comfortable, luxurious, most carefree knit shirts you can own ... they're made of 80% "Orlon" acrylic fiber blended with 20% wool. Because "Orlon" has such terrific shape retention, these knits will take repeated wringing and wringing in stride, without shrinking or stretching. Block-knit, shaping and other special care-free care-free models. And "Orlon" will keep these shirts handsome, comfortable for a long time. Try 'em today ... they'll be your favorite shirts from now on.

ORLON
ACRYLIC FIBER
DUPONT
REGISTERED

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING. MATHSON CREW, INC.

TV FIGHT OF THE MONTH

Photographs by Bruce Kopp

IN its three years of encouraging international sports exchanges, the People-to-People Sports Committee has merited ample attention, ample approval. But never has People-to-People had the audience it drew last week when it invited Ralph [This Is Your Life] Edwards to come to its party and bring his TV camera along.

People-to-People's banquet dais in New York was crowded with likely candidates for an exercise in sentimental biography. When the network hooked in at 10 p.m., would it be the "little" Althea Gibson or of Ingemar Johansson or of Ron Delany or of Karol Fageros? Or one of the cohorts of the affair, boxing's Colonel Eddie Egan or racing's Prince Aly Khan? Came the hour and Ralph Edwards fastened his television smile on the manner of ceremonies.

"This is your life . . . Lowell Thomas!" cried Edwards.

"This is a sinister conspiracy!" cried an unsmiling Thomas.

"Your life will go by in retrospect," beamed Edwards. "You'll enjoy it." "I doubt that very much," said Thomas.

"Father insisted that Lowell know every rock in the area," Thomas' sister recalled. "I knew every sidewalk, too," said Thomas.

Thomas' longtime script assistant, Prosper Baranelli, no-camera veteran himself, delivered a memorized reminiscence at top speed, eyes closed, fists clenched.

"You've had too many drinks," Thomas said. "I haven't had enough," walked Prosper.

And in a blaze of awkward commotion, the best TV fight of the month went off the air. The decision was clearly Thomas' but, after all, Tommy used to box a bit as a youth. In fact, one of his favorite recollections is that Jack Dempsey, back in Colorado days, once wore his ring shoes.



ALTHEA GIBSON had forecasts of Edwards. She was guest on Alice Marble's "file."



INGEMAR JOHANSSON looked a trifle apprehensive in his unfamiliar dinner jacket.



RON DELANY was studies drama, this or isn't among riders, based on attentively.



KAROL FAGEROS anticipated glittering delectable for her and last tennis game.

IN PRESENTABLE CALM. Eddie Egan (center) co-anchors People-to-People's weeknight event. Aly Khan, Lowell Thomas and V. K. Krishna Menon attend. Then it was 10 p.m. . . .





Now TV and stereo high fidelity that match in looks and sound—both RCA Victor

There's a complete top-quality home entertainment center right in these two beautiful, matched consoles.

Included in the two-function, *Master X-11* "Victrola" console is not only both sound systems, too, good for brilliant stereo; four high fidelity speakers, RCA Victor's famous "Floating Action" 4-speed record changer, a 28-watt dual amplifier, and diamond stereo stylus. Consistent superb sound comes from a

superb stereo AM-FM radio or stereo-tape player for extra listening pleasure.

The TV, left, is *The Montgomery*—a superb RCA Victor black-and-white picture TV. With 3 speakers, it doubles as the second stereo-speaker system when you want to enjoy rich sound separation. Both consoles are available in 3 matched fine-furniture finishes.

The cost? RCA Victor quality stereo high fidelity consoles are priced as low

as \$229.95*—less than you'd expect to pay for comparable systems. RCA Victor black-and-white TV consoles from \$119.95*—and more than at some RCA Victor dealer's today.

RCA Victor stereo prices start at \$39.95.



RCA VICTOR



It helps to be mean if you aren't too big

Red Hickey, the San Francisco 49ers' new coach, explains what it takes to succeed in his business. Also, a résumé of a weekend of shocking upsets



GENIAL HICKEY MEN BELIEVE HIS THOUGHTS ON FOOTBALL

H E WAS a square, muscular, awkward-looking end when he played football. He moved gracefully, the heavy muscles anguished, but he moved effectively and over and over he caught passes a better end might have missed because he had, superlatively, the tremendous determination that makes a fine pass receiver. He blocked savagely and intently, and he played all-out all the time.

"But finally I got to where I hated to think of Sunday," he said not long ago. "I liked playing football, but when you get over 30, you wake up Monday morning and your whole body hurts. When you're young, you get over the ache in a day or two. But when you get old, you hurt for two or three days, and then it's time to quit. When the Rams offered me a job as end coach, I was glad to take it."

So spoiler Howard Hickey, who is the head coach of the San Francisco 49ers, now. Oddly enough, he is one of six former ends who are head coaches in professional football. He is not really significant in this, although an end must, because of the peculiar demands of his position, have a rather wide knowledge of all the intricacies of offensive and defensive football. In the Western Conference of the National Football League, four of the coaches once played end: Hickey, George Wilson of the Detroit Lions, George Halas of the Chicago Bears and Sid Gillman of the Los Angeles Rams. In the Eastern Conference the

only one remaining are Jim Lee Howell of the New York Giants and Frank Ivy of the Chicago Cardinals.

"It's just a cycle," Hickey said the other day. "Maybe in a few years, half the coaches will have been backs-or tackles. I don't think ends are smarter than anybody else."

Hickey occupies one of the hottest seats in professional football. San Francisco is a rabidly enthusiastic professional football city. The 49ers have had four coaches since 1946: Buck Shaw, Red Stroder, Frankie Albert and now Hickey. The owners and the fans are growing disenchanted with a team which has often appeared capable of winning the Western Conference championship only to fizzle out when the chips are down.

A HARD NODD FOR TROUBLE

When Frankie Albert quit last year, the owners and the citizens were anxious to get a truly professional coach. After Hickey was named, one fan said, without real justification, "For the first time since the club was organized, the 49ers have a pro coach."

Nonetheless, this may be the best thumbnail description of Red Hickey. He's a pro. He's tough and, in pro football parlance, hard-nosed means he doesn't mind putting his nose into trouble, and he can do it with a fair chance of pulling it out again without any damage.

Hickey looks back a bit wistfully

to the days when he played for the Rams. His playing days seem long ago to him, although his last active season was 1948. Pro football seems, to Hickey, to have changed substantially since then.

"They don't hate now like they used to," he said the other day. "When I played with the Rams, we really hated some of the other clubs in the league. Like the Bears. We had one set of helmets for the Bears and another set for the rest of the clubs in the league. We knew every Bear game would be a blood bath."

"I hated the Bears. I wanted to hurt them. It's not that way now. The kids play hard, but they're not mean. Not mean the way the Bears were mean and the way we were mean when we played the Bears."

He thought a minute, gently scratching the thinning red hair on the top of his head.

"There are a few mean guys playing now," he conceded. "Most of them are little guys. You take the big men in the league, men like the Colts' Big Daddy Lipscomb or the others his size, most of them aren't really vicious. They're not out trying to hurt anyone. They don't have to, I guess. Some of the little guys, however, are truly mean. They want to rack someone every time the ball is snapped. I guess if the Lord had put that kind of meanness in a big man it would have been too much. It's

continued

"It's hot when it's cold"



Allen-A Insulaire®

... the original thermal underwear developed by the U. S. Navy for Arctic wear

Waffle weave construction keeps body heat in, cold air out! Made of lightweight, combed cotton knit, won't itch, won't shrink, won't pool! Each piece: contour shoulders for free arm action and double-thickness knees.

Approved by San Valley Ski School, will be used in VII U. S. Olympics. Allen-A Insulaire is the original thermal underwear for men and women. In natural or red. Also in kind of 50% cotton, 50% KRISLON sweater. The Allen-A Company, Fresno, Calif.



A good vermouth should mind its own business



Cora

THE
QUIET
VERMOUTH

... adds just the right note of discretion to your Manhattan or martini. Try a touch!

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Scheffelin & Co., New York



the nicest things happen to people who carry
**FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS**



**Smoke
BOND STREET**
Absolutely different
pipe tobacco

PRO FOOTBALL continued

frightening right now when you're working to look at the size and speed of the men in this league. If the big ones were mean too you can't tell what would happen. Someone would get killed."

Hickey played end for the University of Arkansas in his college days. He played against one of the very good University of Texas teams which had Jackie Crain as its principal running threat. In an early play, Hickey tackled Crain and dislocated his shoulder. When he came up to the Rams, he played with the same dedication, and he advises it in plays now.

"Take Art Donovan, the Colt tackle," he said. "He reminds me of Dick Huffman, the big tackle who used to play with the Rams. He's a tremendously powerful man. He likes to have a blocker come in on him so he can get his hands on him and throw him wherever he wants to. Weekends that when we played the Colts last year, we told the guard who was blocking an Donovan to stay away from him. This guard danced around in front of Donovan all afternoon, staying in his way but never getting close enough for Donovan to get hold of him. Artie got madder and madder, and finally he started yelling at the guard, 'Come on, get out of here. Come on in to me.' But he never did get around the kid to reach our passes, and we beat the Colts. But Donovan is a great tackle because he's a mean tackle."

THOUGHTS ON A WALLING

Leaving these generalizations, Hickey's thoughts turned to a 48-14 walling the Rams had handed Los Angeles in an exhibition game early last month. Watching the movie of that game on the week preceding Sunday's game with the Rams, Hickey was unusually optimistic still.

He watched Joe Harris, the Rams fullback, break loose for a touchdown.

"That was lucky," he said. "I thought our linebacker misplayed. It wouldn't happen again in a hard-fought play. And the trap block on our tackle was perfect. So he goes all the way. A lucky break."

The second half of the game was nearly even, the Rams and the 49ers scoring a touchdown apiece.

"See," Hickey said. "We're not making dumb mistakes in this half.

We're playing the way we can play. And it's a different ball game. It'll be a different game Sunday. Watch."

The 49ers, assuredly, did not make dumb mistakes Sunday. They nearly ran the Rams clear out of Los Angeles Stadium in San Francisco, badgering them 38-0, the first time the fabulous Rams offense had been shut out since 1949. Fullback J. D. Smith ran for two touchdowns, and Joe Perry, now converted to a halfback, for another; elderly Quarterback Y. A. Tittle passed to Billy Wilson for a fourth; Rookie Tommy Davis, from San Jose State, kicked the conversions and two field goals. The crowd of 56,000 liked all of it very, very much.

At Philadelphia, the New York Giants ran amuck into an Oklahoma twister in the person of Tommy McDonald and accumulated 21-0 in the rain-soaked Eads. Young McDonald, 24, an All-America Sooner back in his college days, not only caught three touchdowns, passed on plays scoring 55, 33 and 19 yards, but also led 81 yards to score on a punt return.

All told, McDonald caught six

continued

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Yds	Yds	Pts
	Att	Comp	Comp
Browns vs. Colts	20-113	19%	10-0
Colts	21-74	15%	17-0
Eagles vs. Giants	48-36	22%	15-0
Giants	22-100	27%	19-0
Packers vs. Lions	28-127	14%	8-0
Lions	38-87	10%	18-0
Browns vs. Colts	34-180	13%	1-14
Colts	7-101	17%	17-0
49ers vs. Rams	18-79	51%	8-15
Rams	3-87	8%	15-0
Redskins vs. Steelers	21-84	23%	12-0
Steelers	13-111	24%	22-0

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Chicago Cardinals	1	0	0	.500
Cleveland	1	0	0	.500
New York	1	0	0	.500
Pittsburgh	0	0	0	.000
Philadelphia	1	0	0	.500
Washington	0	0	0	.000

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Green Bay	2	0	0	1.000
San Francisco	2	0	0	1.000
Chicago Bears	1	0	0	.500
San Diego	1	0	0	.500
Denver	0	2	0	.000
Los Angeles	0	2	0	.000



Longing for the natural pleasures of the good old days?

RELAX . . . this is the **GENUINE** article! Your first taste discovers a rich, clean roundness of flavor . . . the reward of our century-old sour mash recipe.

Every drop is pure **COPPER DISTILLED** in our slow-poke way . . . every barrel **KENTUCKY WEATHER-RIPENED** to rare gentleness in open-air timber warehouses. Try it tonight . . . enjoy **A Bourbon Man's Bourbon**.

Bottled and Blended by **WILLIAM WELLS**, America's Oldest Family Distillers
Established Louisville, Kentucky, 1842 • 85-90 Proof



Launching: Operation Wool

Like the vital force that sends a rocket soaring into space—Wool's natural energy gives the new wool sportswear unparalleled powers of performance. Swing a club . . . mow the lawn . . . stretch, twist, bend! Resilient wool moves with you, then returns to shape. And wool gives natural insulation against sudden wind, chills; naturally vibrant colors that wear won't fade. For friendly comfort and handsome enduring looks, choose in pure wool.

nothing
measures
up to
Wool



©1990 The Woolmark Company. For more information, write: Woolmark, Dept. 5-4, 400 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

passed for 141 yards, taking the Giants defense to a late close call. Two long ending passes were thrown by the veteran quarterback Norm Van Brocklin, the other by Steve Jurgensen. Rocky Aar and Donnell's second kickoff return added to the Giants' blame on one of their rare off days.

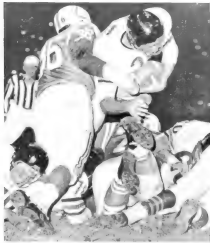
At Green Bay everything was still riding on one for the non-head team, Vince Lombardi. Victory over the awesome Chicago Bears in the second quarter on the previous Sunday, the Packers remained undaunted by passing a good Detroit team they, intercepting three passes and recovering two fumble fumbles.

At Baltimore, the Colts' wonderful quarterback, Johnny Unitas, had a good half and a bad half against the Chicago Bears. By halftime Unitas pulled himself up and passed for three touchdowns in the fourth quarter it was too late, and the Colts were defeated for the first time at home in 11 games, 28-21. Unitas threw

photo of 12 passes in the first half; three, however, were completed to opposing defences. In the fourth quarter Unitas threw to Cal Tomlin, exclusively and displayed his confidence in adversity.

At Pittsburgh, the get-tough talk of Washington's new coach, Mike Nori, evidently was worth at least one week's mileage, for the Redskins started the Steelers 34-17. Nori was undoubtedly displeased that the Redskins had taken a 49-21 beating from the Chicago Cardinals in their opener. He therefore advised 13 of the Redskins to play for their jobs in the Pittsburgh game, and they did. When the Steelers' broad and leather man, Bobby Layne, finally got his teaming in it hurtled forward, but not enough to win.

At Phoenix, the Cleveland Browns got out a 34-7 victory over the Chicago Cardinals in a downpour. Most of the goaling was done by the Browns' machine line, Larry Brown, who started and finished the 147 yards on 27 carries. **END**



RON CASARES FLUNG OVER FOR CHICAGO SCORE AS BEARS SHOW ENDS OF IT

**Drive relaxed!
Cut gas bills up to 25%**

GLIDE CONTROL*

*Gives any car
"economy run" performance...
eases driving strain!*



EXHAUSTING IDEAL PURSUIT
TION... and a dream of a more and
with our gas. New electronic GLIDE
CONTROL, provides maximum fuel
flow... better acceleration... helps
helps drive easier and smoother.

Earns "Motor Trend" Approval

GLIDE CONTROL was lab-tested and road-tested by leading automotive experts, proven fool-proof. GLIDE CONTROL works easily as dimming headlights. You "cut it in" by touching a floor button. It "cuts out" instantly from either the floor button or brake pedal. *Nightly tested* GLIDE CONTROL retails for only \$29.50 (slightly higher in Canada) and pays for itself within a few months. Models available for 6 or 12 volt systems at your automobile dealer, garage or service station—or mail the coupon below.

GLIDE CONTROL CORP. 9110
1800 Centerville Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46201
Please check ALL details on GLIDE CONTROL

Name

Address

City State

GOODYEAR SWEEPS ...WORLD'S TOP



Almost a typical jostle-up as the cars thunder around a turn. Left, Goodyear-equipped Number 12, driven by Jim Reed. (Rushes across finish line all alone.)

GOOD

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON

Goodyear's new tires. (Rushes across finish line all alone.)



"SOUTHERN 500" STOCK CAR RACE

With 78,000 fans packing the famed Darlington, S.C. race track, Goodyear-equipped cars completely dominated the biggest stock car race of them all—the Labor Day "Southern 500."

Goodyear took 1st, 2nd and 3rd... 4 of the first 5... 8 of the first 10!



Reed and Goodyear observers meet in the Winner's Circle.

Turns out is the World Series of stock car racing... and when race officials popped a microphone in front of winning driver Jim Reed—after a record-breaking run of 111.836 mph for 500 miles—his first words were about Goodyear tires:

"The most important thing was the great tires I had! Man, some of the other tires were blistering off over the place, but I think my Goodyears could have gone another 200 laps... even in that heat!"

"That heat" was a track temperature of 132 degrees... announced to the huge Labor Day crowd as an all-time record at Darlington. Combine record speeds and record heat, and you've got the toughest driving tires can face.

Reed, a veteran driver from Peekskill, N.Y., changed his Goodyear tires only once. "I had planned to change more," he commented, "but I didn't need it. The first set was still okay, but we changed at 325 miles just to be sure."

WHAT THIS RACE MEANS TO YOUR DRIVING

We're reporting this smashing Goodyear victory to you for two reasons:

1. All Goodyear tires—including the ones used on these stock cars—are built with new, improved tread rubber... exclusive Goodyear S-T cord... the same exclusive Goodyear methods of putting a tire together.

2. This scorching stock car race duplicates—dramatically—the way Goodyear tires are Turnpike-Proved... on our own high-speed test track at San Angelo, Texas, smack in the middle of the hot cactus country.

Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear—the world's first and only Turnpike-Proved Tires—will give you up to 25% more safe mileage. No matter where you drive, or how.

Best of all, Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear won't cost you one cent more than ordinary tires. You can get them at your Goodyear Dealer's for all cars and in all price classes.



GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Blue Streak Special and Turnpike-Proved labels at 9 P.M. for 13 for Continental, Fire & Rubber Company, Akron, O., U.S.A.



MIRACLE AT MARYSVILLE



CROUCHED IN GRASS, HUNTER CLAYTON MCCAULEY CALLS BIRDS

Ducks may be scarce across the nation this season, but in a small community in California millions of waterfowl promise to provide some of the country's finest shooting for a few fortunate gunners

OF all the hunters across the nation who last week polished up their shotguns for the new season, perhaps the happiest were a small group of sportsmen in one tiny section of the Pacific flyway known as District 10, two miles north of the small community of Marysville. While almost everywhere else hunters could only hope the season might not

be as bad as generally expected, the lucky few in District 10 knew their usual harvest of up to 2,500,000 ducks and geese would be on hand.

Of all the flyways, the Pacific survived the best in a year which, as the national waterfowl survey on page 98 shows, features the most stringent limitations in the past decade. Conservation officials have unhappily assumed the role of the heavy in the years as seasons and harvests sharply reduced on the remaining three major flyways of this nation. Dry breeding areas, leaving the productive potato country in Canada barren, a late rain and an even later hatch of young birds could have spelled disaster—hence the cuts.

But Pacific coast hunters are fortunate in that their lands failed from regions untouched by a drought that has blighted duck production in the Canadian breeding grounds for two years, and so they have the best outlook of any in the nation.

If such a bounty of wildfowl as Marysville shows seemed nothing short of a miracle to sportsmen in the central and eastern states it was only a routine matter in District 10. For no matter how bad the shooting may be anywhere else, these California gunners frequently find that their little piece of flyway is one of the

fattest in the entire country. Even more remarkable is the fact that on this particular flyway the magnificent shooting conditions are almost entirely man-made.

District 10 is the official name for a 40-square-mile land reclamation project established in the flood basin of the Feather and Yuba rivers in 1914. In those days a respectable number of waterfowl usually stopped at Marysville in the fall. In a good rain year the rivers gave them a place to feed and rest; and the ducks, who need to take in a certain amount of grit with their feed to help their digestion, also seemed to like the kind of mud and pebbles they found there.

The only trouble was that the quality of the hunting was too dependent on the weather. No rain, no ducks, so the farmers of Marysville just tended their crops and took their duck shooting or left it alone, quite often the latter.

Then, about 30 years ago, several of these farmers decided to experiment with rice as a crop. The area was a natural—warm climate, good land and water from the Feather and the Yuba, cheap and convenient. The farmers put up a network of low finger dikes, practically all of them in a small sector adjoining District

continued

Photographs by Toni Frissot



DELTA WATERSHED—rich fields draw many Feather and Yuba rivers to District 10.

PIKING UP PONTON, after day's shooting, Mrs. Stanwood Murphy wades out among dikes with black Labrador, Julie.





RETURNING FROM THE HUNT. Handover McCaughey, Reno real estate operator, leads the way. Makens, Captain C. J. McMillan, a Navy commando, and Warfield, a doctor, are "hunting" from a boat on the water. (Photo by "Maddie" for the TV show.)

10, and then they flooded the land.

Accustomed, the rice crop was fine. What no one expected was the fantastic herds of waterfowl which plucked down on the flooded paddy fields. Actually, the mass arrival of the birds could not have been too much of a surprise. For then, as now, one of the last desert meals a duck migrating south from Canada on the Pacific flyway could get before headed down to Marysville was at the Tule Lake Refuge on the Oregon-California border. Therefore the birds habitually congregated on Tule Lake, the flocks growing into millions as they waited until cold weather forced them farther south. Their flight then carried them over hundreds of miles of dry, monotonous wheat country not at all fit for waterfowl habitation. But as they neared Marysville the countryside changed, the bright reflection of the sun on 6,000 acres of water shining out of the drab brown of the surroundings below.

The sight was, apparently, one which few waterfowl could resist, a good percentage dropping happily into the rice fields.

Despite the bonanza, as late as 1949 the ducks that came in were still greeted by the game warden only a few visiting sportsmen, plus the hard core of regulars among the local ranchers. Of course, the men who were clinging to those guns, blinding away at a fearful rate, were some of the most fortunate duck hunters in the world. Not only did they have the place practically to themselves, but the limit in that free-shooting era was 25 ducks per day.

Those first nonresident hunters were mostly San Francisco businessmen who realized that they had found something special and, being a shrewd lot, kept their mouths shut. A few of them, being even shrewder, began buying up parcels of land for as little as \$10 to \$15 an acre, as an investment in the future of both sport and rice. Some of the farmers, unless frightened, held onto their land and leased shooting rights. One Marysville rancher, Charles Mathews, went a step further and, flooding part of his pasture land for no other reason than to bring in waterfowl, started a duck hunting club.

That was the beginning of the mad-

ernness at Marysville. More clubs were formed, catering at first only to men, but swiftly yielding to women like Elena Sharp and Mrs. Stanwood Murphy, who, up the pages on these pages, show, but no time in establishing themselves as first-rate waterfowlers. Today 30 groups control this waterfowl bonanza. With this enforced privacy land values skyrocketed; today an acre is worth \$300. And despite the increased hunting pressure, and to mention the dearth of waterfowl elsewhere in the nation, there seem to be as many ducks as ever at Marysville.

Furthermore, the hunters there are



FIRST LADY of Marysville: Elena Sharp, who knows the secrets, habits of hunting ducks in this.

unhindered by the new federal law cutting daily possession and bag. For the sportsmen at Marysville shoot under regulations of their own far more stringent than those put forth by the greatest zealer from Fish and Wildlife Service. By gentleman's agreement, shooting is allowed only on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. When the firing begins, it is generally understood that the targets will be nothing but sprig and mallard, the two best table birds the area produces. Lesser birds, or rare species, are generally spared. The cease-fire goes up at noon sharp. In doing this, clubs are insuring themselves of a steady supply of undisturbed birds. Anyone who breaks the

rule is expected to drop a few dollars into a fund to be sent later to Ducks Unlimited for the improvement of nesting conditions in Canada.

Perhaps the most tempting thing of all about Marysville is the ease and utter comfort in which the gunners await their birds. For example, at the Lakeside Motel, one of the favorite stopping places for San Francisco gunners, the patrons sleep soundly until 5 a.m., in hotel air of unbridled luxury, in comfortable circles. Then a soothing voice comes over the telephone: "Good morning, Lakeside Motel. Tomorrow is sunny, the paper is at your door, the temperature is 60° and we wish you good hunting."

After breakfast the gunners start for the paddy fields, only 15 minutes away by car. As they move off into the predawn darkness a silence envelops them, broken only by the splash of sailing feet and the tinny sounds of the morning—singing songbirds high over head, the rattle of blackbirds in the reeds and an occasional startled "quack" as a hen mallard vaults away from the approaching men.

Then they are in their blinds, and they sit there waiting. Mist rises from the water. Daylight peers over the battens that rim the flat valley floor. Suddenly the air is filled with sound as thousands of birds take wing.

Flights of teal water on the far horizon like lines of drifting smoke, and great ribbons of goose loam through the clouds. The birds are moving in from the ponds, and the world swells with whistling songs. But no one shoots. The sportsman is no one

some that even the most experienced hunter will often remain quietly in their blinds, preferring just to watch.

Then, as daylight floods the valley with an amber glow, however, the birds are all around the blinds. White-fronted spring fly close by overhead, and two drop out of thickly scuppled among the reeds. Suddenly more distant, blunderer understand it no longer. There is the "thump" of a shotgun, and this noise stir even more birds into the air until the sound of their wings is a roar of thunder, a dramatic retires to the men in the blinds that another matchless waterfowl season is under way in the marshes of Marysville.

TURN PAGE FOR MORE ON DUCKS

LIGHT TOUCH IN THE DUCKBLIND

By Philip M. Perlman

Waterfowl hunters, who often find their best sport in the worst weather, have been trying for generations to keep warm and dry in duckblinds. Most of them, like the hunter shown below left, solved the problem by burying themselves under mountains of clothing. They usually managed to stay warm, but they weren't always comfortable or able to swing at a fast-flying bird. Add to this the weight and bulk of hunting gear—a wood blind that took time to build and was cumbersome to

1949

DUCK HUNTER

- ① Olive tail cap 3 00.
- ② Ear muffs 2 00.
- ③ Wool scarf 7 00.
- ④ Brown flannel overalls 1 LB. 7 00.
- ⑤ Standard metal-reel TC 12-gauge shotgun 3 4.95-4 00.
- ⑥ Remington-Union 12-gauge shotgun 6 00.
- ⑦ Standard weight Winchester Magazine 12-gauge shotgun 7 1.95-10 00.
- ⑧ 12-gauge shotgun shells, two boxes 5 1.95.
- ⑨ Winchester 12-gauge shotgun 6 00.
- ⑩ Winchester 12-gauge shotgun 6 00.
- ⑪ Wood blind 1 LB. 3 00.
- ⑫ Wood waster 3 1.95-3 00.
- ⑬ Wood waster 5 1.95.
- ⑭ Bird pants 1 LB. 14 00.
- ⑮ Sheepskin-lined leather gaiter 1 LB. 1 00.
- ⑯ Sheepskin-lined shooting suit 10 00.
- ⑰ Remington-Union 12-gauge shotgun 6 00.
- ⑱ L. L. Bean sheepskin-lined leather wader 3 LB. 7 00.
- ⑲ Saks Fifth Ave. standard-foot hip boots 5 1.95-1 00.
- ⑳ Labrador retriever 15 1.95.
- ㉑ Wood-frame over-man duckblind 42 1.95.

Total: 251 LBS. 1 00.



move, two dozen decoys, a shotgun and case, shells, binoculars and a hefty retriever—and it becomes clear that the average hunter needed a truck or a porter to get into the field. Today all this is changed. Synthetic materials and insulation have lightened and streamlined the hunter's clothing; light alloy metals have taken 24 ounces off his gun and binoculars, and a portable aluminum frame has replaced the wood of his blind. The result is that this season all the gear needed on a

duck hunt—including blind and decoys—can be packed into a single duffel bag and weighs a total of 113 pounds 4 ounces. In fact, only the man, the dog and the shells weigh the same as they did a decade ago. But this isn't all the good news. Besides greater warmth and flexibility with little or no bulk, the 1958 waterfowler will find his lightweight gear costs considerably less (1974 compared to \$642) for considerably more comfort.

—VIRGINIA KRAFT

1959 DUCK HUNTER

① Duck insulated cap with fur ear flaps \$ 0.02.

② Thompson Insulated Iron Pliers insulated instrument 3 LBS. 7 00.

③ Lightweight aluminum case 7.5 binoculars 1 LB. 2.00.

④ Wool saddle blanket, cut pair 2 00.

⑤ Featherweight Winchester Model 12, 12-gauge shotgun 6 LBS. 10 00.

⑥ Two dozen duck-feeding rubber cans, dozen with weights 7 LBS. 10 00.

⑦ 12-gauge shotgun shells, two boxes 2 LBS.

⑧ Hand made with hand sawyer 2 00.

⑨ Make Fall Ave. cotton-cord shirt 1 LB.

⑩ Flannel-lined nylon gun case 2 00.

⑪ Plastic water-repelling gloves 2 00.

⑫ 1 1/2 Rubber-soled boots 7 LBS. 6 00.

⑬ Heligman Plast-A-Ply water-repelled pants 1 LB. 6 00.

⑭ Heligman Plast-A-Ply water-repelled duck-repelling pants 12 00.

⑮ Lubliner in frame 24 LBS.

⑯ Paris aluminum-frame portable duckblind 6 LBS.

Total: 113 LBS. 4 00.

1958 PRIZE FOR SHOOT-
OF NATIONAL FLYWAYS



THE BATTLE OF THE BAG LIMITS

A fierce storm of protest has been raised by gunners on all flyways against the 1989 waterfowl regulations—the most sweeping changes in the past decade, mostly the result of the Canadian drought. Season-length outbats of 20 days on the Atlantic and Central flyways and 30 days on the Mississippi and Pacific flyways are being imposed; and Pacific Coast flyway gunners, although they lose but one shooting day, are outraged by any restriction. The severity of the national drought was expressed last week by Parker Smith, U.S. Fish and Wildlife official in Atlanta.

"I guess we are the nerve center of the biggest outdoor bellyache in the history of the Atlantic seaboard," Smith said. "From the mudholes and continuous rainwater complaints that have poured in from hunters, I believe we would have been far better off to discontinue the 1989 season altogether, rather than to reduce the bag limits and shooting days so drastically."

Ducks Unlimited officials estimate that the national waterfowl harvest will be down 20% over all. For your chance of killing a duck this year, see the flyway breakdown below.

PACIFIC FLYWAY

West Coast gunners are making the loudest protest against the new limitations. They contend that any regulation that prohibits them in 1989 for the past decade is unfair. Since 1960, both the federal government and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, as well as our own, do not hear this out 100%.

Birds feeding the Pacific flyway had been going generally well before the drought which has lightened the feeding areas for waterfowl across much of Canada. A major portion of their birds come

from Alaska, western Alberta, and the Northwest Territory—areas which stayed withering the previous season. However, the all-important factor of human birds for hunters in that region is being overlooked. The human bird for the Pacific flyway, is the sprig, or pintail, a species whose nesting grounds were in good shape down this season as opposed to last. Both federal and state officials feel that heavy shooting pressure on these birds could do immeasurable harm to the future supply.

As of October 1, Tule Lake and Lower Klamath refuges, two of the major stop-over points for southbound birds on the Pacific flyway, were expected to receive about 1,500,000 birds. Although this figure may seem impressive, it is still approximately one and a half million birds less than these same areas held last year.

The Pacific gunning situation, with the sprig down while other birds have held steady, is by no means as desperate as that of other regions, with shooting outlast good. **OVER-ALL TOTAL: DOWN 8%**

CENTRAL FLYWAY

The Central flyway area just before the drought in many years. Two of the major birds, the mallard and pintail, would actually be reduced by the drought in the Canadian feeding grounds. Returning birds, heading up from the southern wintering grounds to the prairie provinces of Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, run into shorter mud flats and drier lands where, perhaps, had once held promise of

food and cover. Moving further north, these early arrivals established a breeding claim to the restricted wet land of the upper regions, leaving latecomers with an alternative but to migrate to the deep-water lake country in the south—a shift never before recorded in waterfowl migration history. Those that took up residence through the months of May and June, until a heavy rain

filled the ponds and swamps. The end result was a late hatch and a small one. Had the rains not come in June, there would have been no hatch at all. In New Mexico, the count of birds was higher than that of last year, but officials feel, perhaps correctly, that these birds did not migrate.

With all the facts at hand, the best forecast for the Central flyway is poor. **OVER-ALL TOTAL: DOWN 30%**

MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY

This Mississippi flyway stands to be the hardest hit of all the areas. Catering as it does, both to geographic location and feeding facilities, to puddle ducks rather than diving species, this flyway suffered a severe setback in turn over, with the late-hatching birds in the lower provinces, moving the birds in predators.

Mallard and pintail make up a good

percentage of the shooting available to gunners in the states fed by the Mississippi flyway. These two species, along with two diving ducks, canvasback and redhead, were the principal drought victims of the Canadian provinces the past spring. The divers, assisted last year, had limits set to one of either species.

Although gunners in this area do not

subscribe to the slashes in their season and bag limits, the fact is down to against them. In fact, at one point there was considerable doubt on the part of wildlife observers in the province regions that the young birds would be as healthy and able to fly at all by the time the ice and snow of an early winter set in.

OVER-ALL TOTAL: DOWN 50%

ATLANTIC FLYWAY

Gunner on the Eastern seaboard have a tremendous amount of them. Far from being their contemporaries on the remaining flyways, with almost no season on season rather than in bags, they still run point with some gunners in the possibility that this year may be better than last.

Last year a near-disaster withholding the Atlantic flyway gave divers reports for an even worse restriction this year. Unlike other flyway habitats, the species using the Atlantic route follow the same pattern every year. Fewer birds

this year would spell lasting danger. But aerial surveys and on-the-spot bird counts have not been conducted that the Maritime—a section of Canada normally not considered as a huge reserve of waterfowl—move forward so partially offset the drought in the customary feeding regions. A certain amount of refugees filtered into this region—birds moving with the water. These immigrants combined with the normal population and, enjoying normal water levels and food, provided a better-than-average hatch and assisted gunners on the Atlantic coast.

birds for sport this year. But this fact has been greeted with more complaints than appreciation because of enthusiastic fish men's necessity.

While complaints may be out of order in other areas, they have a better-than-normal basis here on the East Coast. Thanks to the Maritimes and Ontario, are up, but gunners are limited to one daily bag, regular Atlantic transients, are up. Black ducks, normally fair in some years, are good. Mallards are up over past seasons. **OVER-ALL OUTLOOK: UP 8%**

RICHARD ALLEN KNIGHT

ANOTHER

→ ARROW →

ARROW



Arrow sweaters are made from the finest American woolens, long-staple and short-staple, and are made in the U.S.A.

FLEECY-SOFT ARROW SWEATERS OF MACHINE-WASHABLE



Machine-washable in hot or cold water → no blocking, keeps its original shape and fit → will not pill → luxurious feel of these fine knits actually improves with repeated washings → warm without clinging → mothproof → mildew-proof → look and feel as if they came straight from the lamb → the real style news of the year!

Arrow is a registered trademark of the Arrow Knitting Company, Inc., New York, N.Y.



Copyright © 1960 Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan. Photographed by Robert M. Schuchman, Chicago, Ill.

Make way for the all-new



DODGE DART

A complete new line of economy cars in the low-price field!

You will know the moment you see it: There has never been a car in the low-price field like the Dodge Dart. The Dart not only looks more solid, it is more solidly built. Unlike other low-price cars, with separate fenders and

doors, the Dodge Dart has a complete welded body. This makes it stronger, swifter and more comfortable, virtually eliminates rattles and noise. The Dodge Dart offers more value at less cost. A new Feature: "Start '60"

engine, new Fireflight Power, new Vacuum Door Locks,* Turbo-Air Brake, push-button "clutch" all at wonderfully low prices that mean you can own a Dart—right now!

*Optional extra cost.

The Dodge Dart is priced model for model with other low-price cars



DODGE DART	CAR F	CAR P	CAR C
SEMPA	Farlane	Savoy	Bucyrus
PIONEER	Farlane 500	Belvedere	Bel Air
PHOENIX	Galaxy	Pony	Impala



© 1959 Chrysler Corporation. Dodge is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

Daringly New! Dramatically Different!

450 DODGE

Greatest Dodge ever . . .

Big, Solid, Built to Command!

Now we display to the 1960 Dodge sedan—and its owner—there has never been a Dodge to compare with this! So comfortable! So strong! So modern! So responsive! So comfortable! Thanks to 4-cylinders, you have more torque in lower gears and 115-hp at 3200 rpm. And performance! A new 11500 Ram Induction V-8 gives supercharged driving power in the mid-speed driving range. Actual mileage has never been a Dodge that offered so many wonderful attributes in such a modern price. Best, perhaps, in the most successful history of all!

© 1959 Chrysler Corporation



© 1959 CHRYSLER CORP. CHRYSLER

THE SUIT YOU HARDLY PRESS AT ALL!



...THANKS TO DACRON T-64. THE NEW WEIGHT FOR FALL

New news! Clipper Craft presents, until summer's too late! (Dacron and woolen), in a new comfort-weight suit for Fall and Winter Wear it day after day, weeks on end, even through rain and sun. It's a long time between pressings! Ideal for the traveler, the man who's had on clothes, any man who wants to stay well-dressed and well-provided in first time patterns, at any of the 1318-line stores, coast to coast, that feature famous Clipper Craft clothes. Or, write Trumpet Clothing Co., Inc., 18 Sturton Street, Boston 20, Mass. 55¢ Dacron—45¢ woolen. THE "SATELLITE," \$55



CLIPPER CRAFT

General Motors' compact car entry, the Corvair, provides the first rear-engine model by a major American automobile manufacturer. Here it is



INTRODUCING A FLAT "PANCAKE" ALUMINUM ENGINE SET IN

AUTOMOBILES / Nick Thiennesch

Chevy puts its power in the back

Illustration by Don Todd

THE most novel car to be introduced by Detroit this fall is Chevrolet's Corvair. This is General Motors' first entry into the compact car sweepstakes, and it is a rear-engined hooey which represents real pioneering.

There was considerable eyebrow-lifting when the word got around that the Corvair would be a rear aluminum engine job. Some said that a rear-engine car of Corvair's size would tend to oversteer, that it would waiver on windy days and wouldn't corner properly. Rear engines were fine, they said, for cars weighing less than 1,700 pounds, but for a 2,240-pound Corvair, well...

On the test track, I drove the Corvair in a range of speeds up to 85 mph, and the handling was beautiful. At medium high speeds she took flat turns smoothly. On rough gravel at 60 she held the road fine. And at 85 on open stretches and in steering situations there was no wander or shift.

One thing most auto companies don't like to talk about is acceleration performance. I clocked the Corvair, when the test driver took the wheel, at 18 seconds from standing start to 60 mph. We were in a Corvair with two-speed automatic transmission (the standard transmission will do this trick in 17 seconds). Accelerating at 54 mph in a passing situation the Corvair will travel 1,250 feet in 10 seconds. And from a standing start the Corvair will do the first 1,000 feet in 10 seconds.



1966 CHEVY IS 57 1/2 INCHES LONG



CORVAIR MEASURES 104 INCHES



VOLKSWAGEN IS 54 INCHES LONG

THE REAR OF THE CAR, CHEVROLET'S CORVAIR IS LIKELY TO CAUSE A REVOLUTION IN AN INDUSTRY USED TO STEREOTYPES

When braked to the floor at 70 mph on a medium downgrade the Corvair showed no untoward effects. The stop was satisfactory and, best of all, there was no dip. One undeniable characteristic of front-engine cars is the dip or "dive" from fast braking, because the engine weight pulls the front end down. Late-model front-engine cars have antidive built in, but none can totally eliminate the characteristic.

I was aware that some rear-engine cars are downright noisy. With the windows rolled up to cut out road noise, I couldn't hear a sound from the rear in this one. A sound-absorbing bulkhead of fiber glass between the engine and the rear housing kept her quiet. And I was surprised not to hear the expected tire squeal on curves.

To achieve these good handling characteristics, Chevy engineered a weight distribution of 40% on the front axle, 60% on the rear; with a heavier, cast-iron engine this ideal weight distribution wouldn't have been possible. A second rear-engine problem—that of overloading the rear tires and causing front-end "wander"—was solved by use of Tyrex cord tires mounted on wider rims. With trucks and their heavy rear-end cargo, four or eight tires are used; Corvair, with a smaller but similar problem, uses the wide rim and special tires inflated to 26 pounds; front tires carry only 15 pounds.

Corvair's weight distribution is also an aid in braking.

A stopping car shifts its weight to the front, and with that rear-engine weight going forward the four wheels more equally share the braking job.

One interesting Corvair engineering feature is the independent suspension system for the rear wheels. The chief advantage of such a "twing" suspension is that it allows each rear wheel to hop independently on bumps and thus reduce the number of jolts transmitted to the frame and passengers.

The aluminum rear engine has its six pistons opposed in a horizontal plane, like so many fists punching a common punching bag. Its displacement is 140 cubic inches. Because this engine is not deep and is circular in shape, it is called a "pancake." You can sit on the ridge of the rear deck opening, reach over and work on this engine. Some call this "hind-end servicing." The engine isn't shiny at all because it is covered with weatherproof black sheet metal.

"When you open up its rear end," rhapsodized a Chevy engineer, "there is all its little machinery sitting there smiling at you."

The acknowledged advantage of a rear engine is that its power is directly transmitted to the wheels with greater efficiency. In the case of Corvair, the entire power unit—engine, transmission and axle—are compacted

continued



EXTRA DRY! Remember—a Dry Martini is not a hooch of gin or vodka. Use enough of the new Extra Dry Noilly Prat French Vermouth to make its thrilling presence felt. It will make a vital difference in your Dry Martini!



BROWN-FOREST CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013 • 212-681-1000

AUTOMOBILES continued

into a whale through use of the "trans-axle" (combination transmission and axle). And the engine weighs only 332 pounds, about half of what a conventional six does. Just three bolts are used to fix this engine to the frame, so the engine can be removed in less than one hour.

This engine has 80 hp, smallest of the three Detroit compacts. But power pack units will be offered later, perhaps because of what looks like an incredible but developing horsepower race among compacts. The Falcon has 90 hp, the Valiant at least 100. Corvair must catch up and its optional power pack will probably increase horsepower to 90.

The Corvair will give up to 30 miles per gallon and will provide other operating economies. The air-cooled engine means no radiator or water pump and no need for antifreeze. Repair bills should be less because of engine accessibility and consequential cuts in labor costs.

With no radiator, warm air must be provided by a heater, which burns gasoline at a maximum rate of one quarter gallon an hour. Chevy pouch-pockets charges that such heaters and the front-located gas tank are dangerous. The location of the gas cap on the left front fender and the vented deck in the rear are the visual clues that this is a rear-engine car.

Unitized construction and all-weld design describe the body, and simple, clean lines describe the styling. The Corvair's flat roof edges over the rear window, and both the hood and rear deck have a slight downward slope. There are dual headlights and a quiet, plain face up front, sans grille, of course. The Corvair 700—the fly line—has an austere strip of chrome running knee high on the sides, from snout to tail. The Corvair 440—the standard line—has no chrome trim to speak of. The wrap-around windshield has followed the engine to the rear, and the front windshield is plain Jane. This car not only is economy but looks it.

Four thin doors invite you into the Corvair. Tall people will strain some on the way in but once seated will find generous headroom. A prominent Chevy engineer once significantly and amiably explained why one small car has four doors. He said: "Small car bodies do not permit crawling across without loss of dignity. So each of the passengers sits back in his appro-

priate hole and slams the door on himself. This is the way one handles these small cars. You do not so much get into them as put them on, like an article of clothing."

Inside, the Corvair reflects more economy. Fabrics and upholstery are not as plush as those of its competition. The dash is simple Chevy all the way. The emergency brake is a ratchet, pull-arrow type. Money was saved by not installing a flashing red light to indicate the emergency brake is on; instead, the brake handle shows an arrow when the brake is on and none when you release it. The two-speed automatic transmission shift control is thumb-operated. In standard models the gearshift is on the floor instead of on the steering post. For once the safety is where it belongs—up almost to eye level.

NOT WITHOUT SIN

Detroit's Big Three all claim room for six passengers in their smaller car offerings. The fact is that five can be comfortable in the Corvair, and six is a squeeze. In the Corvair the leg room in front is two inches less than that of the 1969 Chevy. Rear leg room in the Corvair is scanty compared with that of the 1969 Chevy.

Corvair's headroom story is more encouraging. Because of the flat floor and very low seating, handy byproducts of having no transmission tunnel, the Corvair's headroom is more than adequate.

This car is not without sin, however, and the cardinal one is short luggage space. The engineless front compartment houses the brake fluid system, steering gear component, windshield wiper assembly, spare tire and heater. What's left is storage space and, a less than half that offered by Corvair's competitors. To make up for this, Corvair has a small storage well to the rear of the back seat inside and also offers, optionally and at extra cost, a fold-down back seat which provides cargo area like that of a station wagon. But with the back seat folded down, you wind up with a two- or three-passenger car. Those who want Corvair with ample luggage room had best wait until the Corvair wagon—now in the works—makes its appearance.

Another shortcoming of the Corvair is the fact that with a slick shift on the floor it is downright difficult to seat three people comfortably in the front, especially if the lady in the middle is wearing a skirt.

1969



LIONEL HERBERT, Lafayette, La.

Tip from the Top

The pivot in driving

I've known people who've played golf quite seriously for 25 years and who have never given their driving the time and attention it needs. Driving is as important as any part of the game. You do it on 14 of the 18 holes. Most of your great players were (and are) skillful drivers who set themselves up on tee after tee so that they maintained a steady tee-shot production. It was the key to their scoring, for consistent driving puts a player continuously in a position to put his iron approach up close.

Golf has so much tension involved in it that a wise player wants to eliminate as much thinking as possible and learn to rely, if he can, on one single master motion. In driving, as I have experienced it, the key is working sedulously on a proper pivot until it is almost second nature. A good pivot does three things for you: it gives you good balance; it produces more power with less effort; and it automatically increases your accuracy, which results from a combination of balance and power. I cannot overemphasize how strongly I advise every person who wants to drive better to give priority to the development of a really fine pivot, one that is a natural turn of the body, with everything—legs, hips, shoulders—moving in proper synchronization. From a good pivot you develop into a good player. This is where you begin.



BEST TIP: Turning Ball on getting behind the put



NEW! NOILLY New Nolly
Prat Sweet Vermouth is a new
arrival from France—is some-
what less sweet than most
sweet vermouths. It makes
a wonderful difference in
Martellians. Sip it solo, too!
It's delicious on-the-rocks.



BECK'S BREWERY CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. & L. DIST. CO.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

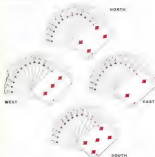
He didn't heed his own advice

THE switcheroo is a device that makes an old story new. For example, there's the bewhiskered tale of the chap who wanted to unload some stock and started a rumor that the company had struck oil. His rumor traveled fast and far. He heard it so often and so positively that instead of selling he bought some more.

The switcheroo would go like this. The company actually does strike oil. But our wise-guy hero says, "Heck, I'm not going to be caught by that old chestnut. I'm the guy who started the rumor."

In a way, that is what happened to East when, having convinced his partner that desperate measures were required, he began to doubt his own advice.

*Neither side vulnerable.
South dealer.*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
16	PASS	10	PASS
14	PASS	20	PASS
5 H.T.	PASS	5 H.T.	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: Spade 2

A delicate touch characterized the bidding up to the point where North made his slightly overenthusiastic commitment. South's modest bid of one club and North's response of onespade gave no hint of the oncoming fury. South's rebid of two diamonds is a reasonable

choice. With a somewhat touchy holding in both majors, he chose to describe a strong hand containing nine cards in the minors. (Strong, because he had bid a higher-ranking suit at the two-level; nine cards, because when a player reverses in touching suits he almost invariably indicates that the lower-ranking one is longer.)

North clung to the delicate treatment with a rebid of his six-card spade suit. South then thought it high time he contracted for game, and North decided to stop fencing. The reverse bid of two diamonds, coupled with the jump bid in no trump, was sufficient to incite him to drastic action. While he could not place his fingers on 33 points, he was influenced by the value of a six-card suit opposite a strong hand.

It seems to me that the character of his six-card suit might have induced a more cautious attitude. The bidding had shown South to hold at most two spades. (He needed at least two honors to hold a stopper in that suit, since North knew he didn't have the ace, and he had already announced five clubs and four diamonds.)

East had two good reasons for doubling the six no-trump bid. His holding in spades guaranteed that the contract would be set if that suit were led, and his double of a slam bid conventionally called for the lead of dummy's suit, which was exactly what East wanted.

West dutifully led a spade. East won the trick and began to suffer the twin onslaughts of doubt and greed. Maybe the spade lead hadn't been necessary after all. Maybe partner had an honor in clubs. And even if he didn't South's five club tricks, three diamonds and three hearts would total only 11 tricks. So, ignoring his own warning, East returned a club.

But East had been absolutely right in the first place, as he soon discovered. When declarer ran five clubs and three hearts East could not find two diamonds. He could spare one little diamond, but on the next trick he could not give up either a diamond or a spade without simultaneously giving up the ghost. For, when East parted with another diamond on the third heart lead, South discarded his jack of spades and his remaining diamonds were high.

Observe that it takes the spade lead to sink the contract. With any other lead East succumbs to the same squeeze. If he lets go a high spade declarer establishes a spade trick. If he bares down to three diamonds declarer has 12 tricks without winning a spade.

EXTRA TRICK

To paraphrase an old proverb, a trick in the book is worth two in the hand—especially when it's the setting trick.

ENT REQUESTED BY THE AUTHOR, 2002 IN THE NAME OF THE MINISTRY, 2003, END OF A. 2. 1991
United States, County, Section 211
THE OWNERSHIP, MESSAGE
AND CIRCULATION OF SPORTS
MEDIA, published weekly at 9 Avenue
Avenue, 4, 10000

James, and Anderson of the publisher, Long and Lee, and Cassius H. Matthews, Esq., Arthur H. Hughes, Jr., 9 Booksellers, New York, N.Y.; Fishers and Jones, 9 Booksellers Plaza, New York; Manning editor, 11 James, 9 Booksellers New York, N.Y.; Russell-Manning, H. B. St., 9 Booksellers Plaza, New York.

[illegible]

It has been pointed out, however, that the use of the term "cognitive" is not sufficient to distinguish the proposed model from the traditional model. The traditional model also involves cognitive processes. The proposed model is distinguished by the inclusion of the social context in the cognitive process.

Figure 2 and Figure 3, in a way where the first parameter can be approximated by the second parameter, or by the third parameter, the name of the person in the sentence is the first parameter, the first parameter is the first parameter, the first parameter is the first parameter, and the first parameter is the first parameter.

average number of replies, of each year's statement is illustrated through the histogram in figure 2 and table 2. The preceding table also shows that it was

and Dennis Hark.
A commission report, *Massachusetts*

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

Is the metamorphosis for real or is USC just riding for a giddy fall? The answer, for West Coast sailors, seems to lie in the roaring waves of Dan Clark and the dedication of perhaps the best staff of assistants on the West Coast. The Triton team are undoubtedly there. The ferocious McKee team, Mike and Martin, spearhead a line charge that could turn the *Queen Mary* sideways. A savage leader and tactician named Mike Hunsinger will probably be the only All-West Coast linearmen from Union City, N.J. The Rams are already interested in Turck-Dan Fiera who is only a junior. The buck-toothed but brilliant Willie Wood has four quarterback's of relatively equal skill to back him.

phoria for real or is it a giddy fall? The Coast sways, according to the rules of Dostoevsky of perhaps assistance on the Trestle, horses, and the ferocious Mike and Martin, charge that could fly sideways. A soft tackle named well probably to Coast linerman N.J. The Ramroasted in Florida Dun junior. The buckshot Witter Wood afterbacks of relative realness him.

an exclusive formula
for all modern cars!



Look for
this dealer
identification

PYRO
ANTI-FREEZE
PROTECTION

First name in anti-freeze
...last word in protection.

OLIN MATHIESON
BALTIMORE 9, MARYLAND



and the best football team on the West Coast watching the Rose Bowl slaughter from the stands.

After he had composed himself and unbuttoned his fists—by looking himself and his team in the dressing room for half an hour after the game—Woody Hayes drew magnanimous attention to the changed status of his old palsies. "I would like to set the record straight," he said when his historic denigrations of West Coast football had been brought up again. "Five years ago when I said that, you didn't have a good football team out here. You had a 150-pound linebacker, and 150-pound linebackers don't stop good teams. Now you have got a defense. This is a whole of a defensive team. I think you have an excellent team out here. You didn't have depth in the Rose Bowl. Now you have depth."

As Hayes talked, the USC tackle Dan Fica, a native of Atlas, Pa., stood on the fringe of the press corps, munching an apple. He stared hard at Hayes, trying to catch his eye. He had earlier rattled the locked doors

furiously, trying to get in and taunt the Buckeye coach. Asked if Hayes knew him, Fica looked apologetically around. "He knows me all right. He tried his damndest to get in."

As Hayes talked on, Fica began to utter mumbled asides, enlarging upon to what he considered the high, aromatic content of Hayes's line of conversation. Hayes finally permitted himself to look around and spot Fica. "Hello, Dan," he said mildly. "How do you like it out here on the West Coast? I guess you must like it real well." Fica stared at him evenly. "I like it even better after tonight," he said apologetically. And he turned and walked off into the night, satisfied. Hayes dashed, struggled and abruptly terminated the press interview, ignoring the aggrieved Pasadena reporter, Dick Shafer, who was leading his own press conference to explain how Hayes had slammed him into a wall with a punch in the back.

A sports columnist surveyed the scene wryly. "I have a feeling," he drawled. "I just have a feeling I wouldn't like to be the guy who has to play Woody Hayes if he comes to the Rose Bowl this year."

McGREGOR CAR COAT WITH KODEL

at these and other fine stores:

New York, N. Y. Condit's
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh Company
Boston, Mass. I. Jacobs
Chicago, Ill. Berens & Roth
Chicago, Ill. Lytton's, all stores
Chicago, Ill. Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Newark, N. J. Bamberger's
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Philadelphia, Pa. Lit Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa. Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne Co.
Rochester, N. Y. National Clothing Co.
Rochester, N. Y. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
San Francisco, Calif. Ross Atkins
St. Louis, Mo. Famous-Barr Company

CONNECTICUT

Bridgewater Outlet Men's Store
Hartford G. Fox and Co.
New Haven, Conn. Deane-Richy

DELAWARE

Wilmington John Wanamaker

ILLINOIS

Chicago Karof's, Inc.
Chicago, Beverly Hills "For Men"
Chicago Gassman, Inc.

KENTUCKY

Louisville Leavenhart's

LOUISIANA

New Iberia Abdalla's

MARYLAND

Hagerstown Hoffman's

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, Rochester Dayton's

NEBRASKA

Omaha J. L. Brandeis & Sons

NEW YORK

Buffalo Jacobi Bros., Inc.
Ulrich Wicks & Greenman
Westchester, Valley Stream Gimble

NEW JERSEY

Camden, Trenton Lit Brothers
Paramus, Plainfield, Princeton,
Morris Park, Morristown Bamberger's

PENNSYLVANIA

Carlisle S. Kronenberg's Sons, Inc.
Chambersburg Land's Men's Shop
Haverhill Greenbaum's
Harrisburg David's
Lancaster, Lebanon Ten Destrigh's
Lifitz J. B. Hess Men's Wear
Upper Darby Lit Brothers
Waynesboro The Men's Shop
Wyndwood, Jenkintown, John Wanamaker
York Gregory's

TEXAS

Houston
Pasadena Gehman's Sporting Goods

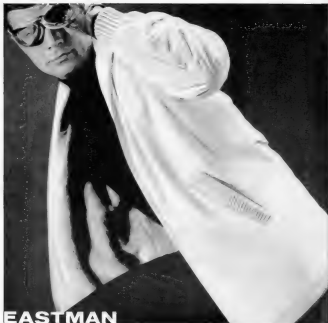
WASHINGTON

Seattle Martin & Eckmann

LASTING CLOTHING PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of
Lafayette Retail Company, 280 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17



NORTHWESTERN SCORING PASS (top row, from left) C. Goodson in Oakland; Ron Borne, western coach, in the background; the Washington quarterback in 14-10 defeat of mighty Iowa at Iowa City, Northwestern won despite losing Dick Thompson, star quarterback, with a broken ankle and gashling away a field goal.



EASTMAN

KODEL

THE CHAMPION
OF ALL
STAY-FRESH
FIBERS

POLYESTER FIBER

Gives MCGREGOR car coat a neat body; VEREL gives it a fast warm-up

Now adding beauty of cold weather, with this new model. Outside, it's a weather-resistant poplin containing Eastman Kodel, the champion of all stay-fresh fibers. Inside, it's a plush pile of Eastman Verel that gives you warmth without weight.

For smooth starts on cold mornings, you can't beat the McGregor "Warm Up." Look for it at fine stores through-

out the country, including those listed opposite. Shell of Kodel-polyester fiber and "Taped"; lining with pile of Verel-metacrylic fiber. Navy, granite, charcoal, camel, cream or olive. Sizes 36 to 46. \$125.00.

*Eastman is a registered trademark.

Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber; Verel is the trademark for Eastman metacrylic fiber. Only the fibers are made by Eastman; not the fabric or garment.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

HOW TO



"There was an point in looking with Saw. It would be only fair to let him know exactly what he had to deal with."

BEAT SAM SNEAD

A Anker named Harry settles down in his den and, aided by a bottle of brandy and a clear memory of his best strokes, faces off Sam on TV—and licks him. You can try the same thing Saturday, when Sam meets Garg Pleyer in the first match of the 1950-60 All-Star series (ABC-TV, 5 p.m. E.D.T.)

by RICHARD B. JABLON

drawings by ROBERT OSBORN

THIS STORY is very difficult for me to write—physically and emotionally. It is physically difficult because my arm is broken, and emotionally so because of the natural reluctance of a proud man to deliver himself up to the derision of strangers.

At the outset, allow me to give you a small glimpse of myself: I have been playing golf for some 23 years, ever since my junior year at college, at which I did not make the golf team. I am 42 years old—height 5 feet 7—and I weigh 187 pounds stripped, except for my shoes. (There's a piece of hard rubber on our ballroom scale that sticks up and indicates anyone weighing oneself without shoes.) I am married to Alice, who is a fine wife, a devoted mother and a woman who hits a golf ball 180 yards down the middle of the fairway—all the time.

I work as a sales representative of a sporting goods firm specializing in rifles, rubber tents and portable toilets. Consequently, I travel to wide-open spaces—well, golf courses.

The immediate cause of my aforementioned difficulties goes back many Saturdays. It was winter, and the cold winds had wreaked sufficient havoc with my thinning hair and hairless body to convince me that golf was out of the question. Years ago I would have been out there with the rest of the boys parting my snow putting. But times change. Instead of playing, I watched the All-Star Golf matches on television. I sipped brandy and thought-fully many of the pros—they were playing medal with each other but match with me. Alice always goes to her flower-arranging class on Saturday,

so that the den was just made for playing a mind match with some of the boys. One Saturday I took Mid-dieoff 4 and 3; on another, Billy Camper 3 and 2. Poor Dow Finster-wald didn't stand a chance—7 and 6. Then I made the big decision. As long as no one else seemed to be able to beat him, I decided that I would take on old Sam Snead.

I prepared for the match most of the afternoon and thought seriously of how I would play him. I thought of how I would truly be able to beat him if, by courtesy of some lovely women who treat middle-aged men to happy afternoons, I could put together in one round the best strokes I'd ever made. Did I really make, let us say, 68 good strokes in all of 21 years? I started thinking about it. Sure I did! Of course I did! Let's start with the drives. Did I make 18 good drives in my lifetime? Well, there was that summer at Pinehurst. The summer I holed out from a bunker 23 yards from the pin. What a moment! I must have had a few good drives that summer. A couple that would make Sam's natural swing feel rusty green. No, nothing at Pinehurst except that sporty-looking

250-yard slice that landed in a museum. Hold the phone, Harry! How could I ever forget that 250-yard straight one that I hit at Cypress Point the summer Alice was pregnant with Mark? Well! I'll unfold that one on Sam. And, for crying out loud, what about that 240-yard walk-out Pebble Beach? Oh, Sam, sucker Sam, you're on!

And the match started that afternoon in my den. I had all the good shots I had ever made, a bottle of brandy and a determined set to what Alice affectionately calls my weak chin.

The first hole was a 475-yard dog-leg to the right. The cut was at about 285 yards. There was no point in fooling with Sam. It would be only fair to let him know exactly what he had to deal with. So I decided to use my Cypress Point drive. "Your honor," Sam said, I thought I detected a small snarl on his face. (I hope I detected a small snarl on his face.) "Thank you, Sammy boy," I said, and I gave him a friendly clout on the back as I approached the first tee. I looked well, too. I had on my tapered slacks and my 1958 waistline. White shoes I wore, and no hat, because I was wearing my 1956 ear, full and curly. "Bumpy little hair, ain't it, Sam?" I asked, and I hated myself for talking down to him.

Anyway, I gave him the Cypress Point drive and he hit something that went out to about five yards beyond me. I must confess that as soon as I hit my shot I said, "Damn!"

continued

AUTHOR AND INSPIRATION



Richard B. Jablon (left) is a New York attorney who, like his fictional hero, is a duffer at golf. There's the reason his wife, he believes, never indulged off a bottle of brandy in a single afternoon, and his wife does not arrange flowers. She is the former Judy Frank (right), three-time winner of the New York Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship, who acts as his literary agent. Although Mr. Jablon is attorney for the Writers Guild, she claims a commission of 100%.





Follow The Leader!

Over the years, Black & White has received the acclaim reserved for the leading Scotch whisky in America. It's the big favourite—because its quality and character never change! So sensibly priced, too!



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 40% PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

HIGH TO REST SNEAKS

and and and shook my head in disgust. Then I gave him the DeWay Beach three-wind that I hit last summer the afternoon I played with that coltsfooting man Winchester. It went right smack on the green three feet from the line. Sam said, "Nice shot, Buddy," and parked me about 10 feet from the hole. He moved his putter and yanked with a par. I pulled a crazy number of threescores I've sunk and was 1 up.

The second hole was a 345-yard pin-5. I was wishing I hadn't used my Express (not driven) when suddenly I realized that I had been a hero one day at White Sulphur Springs all the time too. White Sulphur Springs! That was a laugh. I'd really rub Sam's nose in it. I'd beat him with his own golf course. Off it went, 245 yards and straight. Can't the way, it did. So did Sam's. I used my Dangle (wood) and it went another 200 yards. Sam went 220. I whipped out my Pebble Beach eight-iron. (God, what a day that was. Alice and I weren't married then, and she thought that I was just a brute of a man—no touch, no delivery. I laughed a little that day and chuckled her under the chin. "Baby, I know you think all I can do is bend steel bars, but don't forget"—and I held her to me—"I can also give faces.") And I walked and knocked an eight-iron stiff to the pin. So I gave him the Pebble Beach, and I was 2 up. On the third hole, a par-3, I unleashed that Sandile River shot that nobody ever saw because I had a golf cart and it was 7:00 in the morning. Over the water, onto the green and 10 feet from the pin. Sam birdied it, too, and I was still 2 up.

We talked the fourth, fifth and sixth, mainly because I was saving my big guns for the turn. The seventh, however, was another put-3. I remembered, then, the time I broke up with Alice (she was so over-gassed because her mother thought that a housewife's duty was to cook, command to in life than selling tennis and toilets. Legend has it was 1911, I think). The next month I was in a room. Then, were all married, and I remembered how I begged them to have a fling with each other. (Mama, I played golf for thousands. Not thousands, billions every day. I was the only one who didn't have anything better to do than sit down and golf. During



Black does it! Just a touch of it hand-stained into glowing Burnished Brown leather gives you the richest shade in shoes...gives your clothes a new lease on color. Mix 'n' match this new color with any colors in your wardrobe. These handsome styled shoes are your smart step to a smart new look. Try on a pair at your nearest Bostonian dealer's today. It's the smart step to style.

©1989. From the colors of the classic step to the modern look.

fall news! Mansfield blends Black with Burnished Brown

by Bostonian



For more information, contact The Bostonian Group, Inc., 100 State Street, Boston, MA 02109. For more information, contact The Bostonian Group, Inc., 100 State Street, Boston, MA 02109. For more information, contact The Bostonian Group, Inc., 100 State Street, Boston, MA 02109.

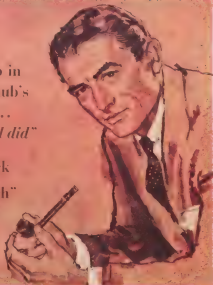
"Find your
personal
pipe tobacco in
Kentucky Club's
fine blends..."

I did"

SAYS
Gregory Peck

SHOWN HERE SMOOKING
"On the Beach"

KENTUCKY CLUB TOBACCO COMPANY
INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



**Which Kentucky Club blend
did Gregory Peck select?**

Actually, the more important question is which blend best suits *YOUR* personal taste. Read the descriptions below—then stick with the blend which sexual test. All purchased in most grocery, National Stores, Supermarkets, drug, mailers, and even on-line. Kentucky Club, it's feeling, that's it.



AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—Blended for modern tastes from six choice, imported and domestic tobaccos. Conditioned, rich, and refreshingly aromatic.

LONDON SOCK—A superb blend of two world-famous tobaccos make this time-honored mixture a connoisseur's delight.

WHISKY—Especially popular with active men and those who like aromatic mixtures. Blended from six different, imported and domestic tobaccos. Easy to pack in pipe.

WELLSBURY TATTOO—Famous for its rich, delightful fragrance. Mild, smooth, even burning.

IRISH CRUISE—About the most expensive tobacco on the market—and worth it! Top quality, hand-picked, imported domestic tobacco, so magnificently blended.

COGNAC—A mixture of the King's tobacco, blended from five great tobaccos, and two different, imported and domestic, with a distinctive and delightful aroma.

PETER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Mild, aromatic and smooth in character. A little London and a little Paris, skillfully blended with 3 top-quality domestic tobaccos.

CROSBY SQUARE—A mixture of truly domestic tobaccos, expertly blended for smokers who like a natural taste and aroma, without any trace of imported tobaccos.

KENTUCKY CLUB WHITE SMOKE—The finest blend of domestic tobaccos. Easy to pack, for its smooth, mild flavor and good aroma. Never to taste.



**CHOOSE
FROM THIS TOBACCO BAR**

those two weeks I hit one golf shot that was the best one I ever hit, next to the Pinehurst shot which I holed out. It was on a par-3 to an elevated green, and I hit the green so well that everybody started assuming that I got me-at-tee. But it wasn't an ace—maybe just five feet from the pin. I cursed Sam with that one, sank my putt and picked up a stroke.

The eighth was another par-3—575 yards. When I first started to play golf, I was able to see the green when I addressed the ball. It was hard remembering that—*even* with brandy. I used a long club that I hit at Apple Valley seven years ago. It was real long, maybe 375 yards. And there was a small rough to the right, so the shot didn't hurt me. Sam hit one, thank the Lord, that looked like I had hit it at my number of nameless courses over the years. I stood up, moved a special and made the green—*no*. Sam was rattled or else didn't care, because he was on the green in 3 also, but 10 feet outside me. I had a 25-footer, and Sam had a 35-footer. I threw the Grousegrut putt at him that I made in 1950 when Alice and I had separated for a big week. That was the weekend I met a lovely-looking girl with whom I wanted to punish Alice. Never mind all that. I'm 4 up.

The ninth—the one that ends up at the clubhouse, where everyone watches—that's where we are now. It's a 395-yard par-4. I had a big one left. A 225-yarder I hit 15 years ago at Old Oaks. I started troubling a little, because the only straight shot I had left that went over 200 yards were the five that I hit at Del Monte, Aldeross, Cascade, Olympia and the Desert Inn respectively. The hell with it. We'll worry about that later.

So I hit the Old Oaks shot and at 170 yards from the green, Sam was *lem*. I was a little careless on this hole, which fact was brought home to me in the most vivid manner when I asked the caddy what he thought I ought to use for my second shot. "Don't take no more 's a four-iron, mistub—the way you hit a ball," he said. And my 1579 chest swelled up (loud and hairy, the way it used to be. I wonder why it is that I'm losing the hair on my chest. Nowadays I see older men in the clubhouse and they have gray hairs on their chests—but they have hairs. My chest is getting bald, and I hate it. The brandy may help, though.

continued



PIPES & PINOCHLE

A well-matured pipe... a pack of Bicycle Pinochle Cards... a happy man. For 75 years, Bicycle Cards have satisfied the most exacting clubs... the most pernickety players. Bicycle Cards stay fresh through many a meld. For the "Official Rules," send 25¢ in coin to Dept. L-4, THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO.



The World's Greatest Entertainment Value

©1975 United States Playing Card Company. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Bicycle and the Bicycle logo are registered trademarks of the United States Playing Card Company.



Why General Electric components are the smart approach to stereo...

General Electric stereo components make most sense *also*—with all the depth of a live performance. Their distinctive, custom looks adapt to any room arrangement, and need not rely on inch of book space. Best of all, you pay for performance, not bulk. For more, why General Electric? To begin with, it's one word you know you can trust. Your General

Electric dealer will tell you the rest.

Shown: FM AM Tuner, PA-12 Stereo Amplifier G-7700; TM-20 Tone Arm with VR-22 Stereo Cartridge, G-501 Speaker System. Audio Components Product Section, Auburn, N. H.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



JUSTERINI

Charles Dickens was an ardent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship in every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of favour unsurpassed.



J & B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
40 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Brooks

Imported by
The Washington
Company
820 Fifth Avenue,
New York 22

The most comfortable
man in the
stadium...



1842

SWAGGER BOOT

Here's the newest value
for maximum comfort in a
brand new color—tan with
black Carlini-Corpa soles.
From padded tongue for added comfort

wears

Evans Casuals

© L. B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, Mass.

Evans Casuals and Shoppers are
sold all fine stores everywhere

HOW TO BEAT SCOTCH continued

own and hit it too strongly. It sailed off the green on the other side, and I laughed a little too loudly and received Sam his pun and the hole.

The 15th and 16th were halved, thanks to my Olympia and Dowd Inn drives, and we walked up to the 16th with me still 3 up. My palms felt wet on the brandy bottle as I realized that the only drive I had left after 20 years of love and devotion to the game were a motley collection of staves, brooks, duck brooks, slunkies and half tuppens that I had managed to accumulate over the years and some of a thousand ounces.

And the 15th was a par's 4700 yards of land? I used my longest hook into rough terrain shortest on the left and ended up with an 8. I laughed too loudly again and once more ran on the back post-naturally. "Your hole, old man, I guess I just lost interest," I said.

I guess I just lost interest on the 16th, too, and all of a sudden I was only 1 up. Did you ever notice how thin a "1" is?

The 17th was the last par's, and I got to the green in 4. At this point I was using sliced several shots to compensate for the hooked drives. All even.

The big 18th. And Alice wasn't going to be home from the club for another hour yet. This is the time you need a woman. And Alice is really a very nice woman. She usually recs all the times, but she doesn't really mean it. When she takes a hole from me she always says, "I ought to take a megapaloo ticket today, I'm so lucky." And I laugh and say in my most patronizing tone, "Nonsense, darling, you deserved that. But do watch your left hand or you won't be so lucky next time." But she's really a fine girl and I wish she were here.

Sam hit his last drive about 275 yards down the middle. Sam punts hit me full in the face. I remembered the time I took that lagger from Canada out to Bethpage and I hit a 200-yard hook way over into the water. All I cared about now was to get out of the match with my pants reasonably intact. I wouldn't even see the green, and it would have been too humiliating to put on my glasses at this late date. I gave him the Bethpage, and I heard applause.

"You got puns, man," I heard Sam say from the bottom of my brandy

rust card

The Peugeot 403 is owner-tested, owner-approved. Two years ago it was virtually unknown in America. Today it is outselling two-thirds of all imported cars. Why? Because it has more roomy comfort: 5 to 6 passengers; foam rubber padded seats almost 5 ft. wide; 20 cu. ft. trunk. It's an exciting car to drive; very responsive, very alert. Economical, too: 30 mpg on regular gas, and easy upkeep. The price of \$2250 at East and Gulf Coast ports of entry includes: sliding sun-roof, whitewall or Michelin X tires, 4-speed synchromesh transmission, heater-defroster, padded dashboard, cloth or leatherette upholstery, reclining seats, electric clock, windshield washers, trip mileage counter, wheel trim rings and an outside rear-view mirror.



The Peugeot 403 Sedan, \$2250, and the 403 Station Wagon—America's *largest* imported station wagon, \$2490—now on display at over 500 Peugeot dealers.

the Sportsedan from France

PEUGEOT

Sold and serviced by over 500 Peugeot dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. For illustrated brochures, write: Peugeot Inc., Room 3104, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York. For overseas delivery see your nearest dealer or write: Cars Overseas Inc., Box 185, Long Island City 4, New York.



the nicest things happen to people who carry

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS



First National City Bank Travelers Checks are safe and spendable anywhere. Promptly refunded if lost or stolen. The cost is only \$1.00 for \$100 worth. Ask for First National City Bank Travelers Checks by name at your bank.

**BACKED BY THE BANK THAT'S
FIRST IN WORLD WIDE BANKING**

THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

Member Federal Reserve System • Member Depositors' Bank

HOW TO BEST KNEED a cactus

bottle. "That's a tough way to play a dogleg, but you did it."

There I was, 200 yards from the green with a perfect approach to it. It was a dogleg to the left from the tee and Sam played it safe, so that he was further away than I was even with the 27 handicap. But he mentioned that. He used some kind of a club, or a gun, or something, and the ball sailed on the green, 15 feet from the hole. He was on a 2, and I was 200 yards away on a 1, armed with a mile-rellity of junk. All I could hope for



was something straight, so that it would look as if I got a bad break at the end. It hurt me a little to think that in all that time, with all that money, nothing I ever did could bring me home in 2. I extemporized and hit a four-wood that was good for me. It went 175 yards right straight into a bunker in front of the green. I was in a bunker in 2, and Sam was on the green in 2. All seemed lost when suddenly, from the desperation of a marine, I remembered Pinhead. How could I ever forget Pinhead? Pinhead, the hand of my dreams! I had played that shot over and over again—since 1919. How many times I had seen the look on Simon's face (Alice's brother, when it flew into the air and hit, and then rolled another three feet right into the cup. Pink! And how about Alice? This was no dreamer. This was a man who had just hit a golf ball out of a bunker and it flew into the ground landed in the cup. Pink! And that's what I

—Stryker



EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you buy new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH

NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON THE SIDEWALL.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THAT'S THE DU PONT WAY.



FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

Marisa Pavan says: "I heard a very charming legend about this famous Italian liqueur. In Livorno, it is said they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them in every sip of Galliano. And you know? It does seem to be filled with a golden glow." Have you tried Galliano after dinner? On the rocks, over shaved ice or with a squeezing of lime, it makes a memory out of any meal.

LIQUORE **GALLIANO**

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY WATKINSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1959

HOW TO BEAT SNEED *continued*

did to Sam. Flunk! You should have heard the crowd roar.

Damn it! Where is Alice? Why couldn't she be here to see it? What a tumult. And it rattled Sam. He needed a 15-foot putt to tie the match. If he missed, I would win. It waddled right up to the cup and stopped. It was a good putt—but it stopped. "Not enough guts, Sammy boy," I said, and I clouted him on the back again, real friendly-like.

Then came the gallery and the man who wanted to ask me questions for the television audience. I told the man and the thousands of golfers out in rieland that Sam was a worthy opponent and that I just got a little



"Mercifully, I broke my arm."

bit better than I usually am. I was watching Sam walk into the clubhouse rubbing his neck when I heard the man say something about next week, and Arnold Palmer, and me playing him. And how great the match was going to be. It got through to me. What also got through to me was the fact that I had used up every good stroke I had ever made. What was I going to play Arnold Palmer with? Was I going to thrash through bushes and quagmires all afternoon while he waited patiently for me to hit my second shot into other bushes and quagmires? How many minutes would I spend in sand traps like an embattled Rudolph Valentino while he smirked and everyone smirked?

What would I do? What would I do next week? The bottle was empty, and I went for another one. I slipped on my own slippers and, mercifully, broke my arm. No, there will be no match next week. Old Harry, King of the Den, has retired.

END

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

FOOTBALL ISSUE: AS A TENNIS FAN...

Sir:

After reading your September 21 Football Issue I want to give you my compliments on a job extremely well done. Your scouting reports are a credit to the football staff. They report on the scene on a national basis, then narrow it down to a national basis and finally report on the individual teams, their players, their schedules and last year's won-lost record. Your article *How to Watch Football* will be a great help to me during the current season (as I am sure, it will be to many others).

The greatest tribute I can pay to you is to tell you that I am an ardent tennis fan, and very rarely, if ever, have I taken time to watch, analyze and enjoy the sport of football in the past. I am looking forward to the approaching season with my issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in one hand and the Harvard banner in the other.

As long as your superb preview of the major sports are continued you have both an ardent fan and a faithful subscriber.

ROBERT SCHWARTZ

Long Beach, N.Y.

Sir:

The scouting reports are going to stay with me all season long. I have removed the staples, taken out the reports and re-stapled them and put them on top of my TV set.

ROBERT FISCHER

Boston

Sir:

Your 1969 Football issue is just great! The best yet!

EMERSON M. JAKOWSKI

Chicago

Sir:

After reading through your Football Issue my reaction is that the reporter who did the summation on what rocks with football on the West Coast really got the scoop.

I make particular reference to the part where the author speaks of the quantity and quality of material that shows up annually at Cal and SC and Stanford as compared to what is left over for UCLA. But the part that did warm this old Bruin heart the most was only the vaguest reference, without details, to what went on in the now defunct PCC after the late Red Sanders had been in action a little while at Westwood.

Sanders did not win any friends at SC when UCLA scored on them to the tune of 38-0 for the largest number of points ever run up on an SC team by anybody in regular season play.

continued

If you are on intimate terms with pleasure you'll welcome Old Briar as essential to your way of life. This mild aromatic mixture of costly Turkish Latakia, southern Maryland blue-leafed

and satisfying burleys is truly the Master Mixture... exquisitely blended as many custom mixtures costing much more. Old Briar smokers know a good thing when they find one. How about you?

Old Briar—"The Master Mixture"

ONE OF THE FINE PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY



THE BRITISH
Byford '98'
WOOL
SOCK



Same size, same shape, after washing. Ankle \$1.50.
Caster length \$1.75. For color chart, write Dept. 1.
Abbas Imports, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts 02108.



SOOTHES-OUTDOOR LIPS.

Put the toughest outdoorsman
his one valuable gift—his lips.
Wind and weather roughen lips—
"Chap Seick" soothes them fast!
Medicated—petroleumized.* Ameri-
can No. 1 lip balm. . . 35¢



Makes your lips feel great

Absolutely
different
pipe tobacco
try it



19TH HOLE railroad

Many people were out to get Sander and I CLA, and eventually they did. But now, after the Bruins' showing in the Purdue game, they have a very excellent chance to meet the Road Band again on New Year's Day.

Peter Kavanagh

Discussion

504

Perhaps you might be interested to know that four of the "stars" selected by Sports Illustrated were together on the same high school football team. They are, Joe Matalavage, Nancy, John Rafusky, Cornell; Eddie Hinn, George Washington; and Joe Puhli, Hargens. The team was the Mahanoy City Senior High School Team, (Pa.), which represented 300 students.

Chevalier Estate

Amesbury, 02443

8514 • J. Neurosci., September 24, 2008 • 28(39):8509–8518

A truly true summary of college football. Hope your Special College Basketball issue will be of as high a caliber as *Football* 1959.

C. C. Chen

Set. Read

Deleuze

The 2nd edition to the sportsman's bible, an exhaustive handbook for the hunting season.

Total Score

*Tobacco.

5096

Again this year I was amazed at the amount of volunteer/trade information that you shared together in one shared virtual space. It helps many people who really change their heads for the better. Saturday afternoon. I agree. I've seen some of the best.

The authors thank the referees for their helpful comments.

T. Davis

I can't recall when I have had the pleasure of reading a football issue that was more informative than the 1998 Football issue.

There is one disappointing note, however, for us fans in Oklahoma. Both as a subscriber and sports editor here in Oklahoma, I'd hard but never understand the omission of Northwestern State College (the state school of normal education).

True, the Redskins have lost one game this season in one start. But they did win the NFL title one year after losing the kicking in the Redskins Bowl game, which was helped by a crew that included Red Grange, author of your top article in football.

Flouring everyone is an impossible task, for sure. But here it would seem to a transplanted Easterner that a great magazine furnished the toll.

TEL: +354 470 88 44 FAX: +354 470 88 44 607

Mandelstam, 40, is

Sir:

We have been grieved to note that in the years that your magazine has been published you have failed to recognize the football team of Tufts College as your pre-season preview. Coach Harry Atkinson has compiled a record of 29 wins, only 8 losses and 1 tie in his five years as head coach at Tufts against top college-league competition. You have given reviews on many of Tufts' opponents, whom we usually beat, but no word about Tufts! Last year Tufts defeated Bowdoin, Bates, Franklin and Marshall, Trinity, Amherst and Lafayette. A few years ago we upset Harvard University 18-15 but have been unable to get a rematch.

Kenneth Emerson
Dean, Portsmouth

Methen, Mass.

Sir:

I fail to find any mention of the University of Rochester's football team. Throughout the 1934 season this team was unbeaten, untied and "unrecognized." Also, the team was unopposed. Members of teams at the University of Rochester receive no athletic subsidy. In eight games the team scored 157 points against 18 for its opponents.

In addition to its athletic prowess the squad had a high academic standard. Eighteen members of the U. of R. 25-man squad held academic scholarships, including a General Motors College Scholarship, four Nassau ROTC scholarships, eight competitive New York State Regents scholarships and five University of Rochester scholarships. Collectively, the team entered the university with a high school average of 88.7%.

Surely in this age of honoring a team with such a record, from a scholastically outstanding university that was founded over a century ago, should be recognized by the leading sports journal.

THOMAS A. PALMER

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:

Each fall, with the publication of your Football Issue, I can count upon being disappointed, even to brushing away a futile tear. In truth, there are times when I become firmly convinced that your football editor secures his "better team" from breaking the code of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

I am referring to Montana State College, which has become blindly ignorant. Now then, what is their past three-year record? O.K., you twisted my arm.

In 1936 they won 5, tied 1 and lost 0. They were NAIA co-champions playing in the Alumnus Bowl at Little Rock, Ark. In 1937 they won 8 and lost 2. In 1938 they won 8 and lost 1.

In 1939 they will probably win 9 and lose 0 since they have already opened with a 25-0 win over South Dakota State. And who do they play? Well, this year's schedule includes South Dakota State, Cal Poly (perhaps the toughest independent on the Pacific Coast), Arizona State (ranked 11th nationally in 1937), North Dakota, North Dakota State, Idaho State, Utah State, Montana U. and San Diego.

ROBERT B. MACLEAN

Bloomer, Mont.

let your feet feel the wonderful difference



A wonderful ease, a wonderful "active comfort" comes to the man on the go with Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. The 4 exclusive Wright features give him active support all through the day. And now with the new battery-soft Whippets he can expect even greater lightness and greater flexibility.



- 1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
- 2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
- 3 Flat forepart prevents foot exertion
- 4 Heel-to-ball fitting — absorbs all foot action

The WHIPPET

slush, impervious rubber

Style 298 — in brown

Style 297 — in black

Two of the ten styles in our Whippet family of fine shoes.

wright

arch preserver shoes

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS.



\$39.95—Insulated
\$32.95—Not Insulated

now available to sportsmen!

"original" Chippewa Mach I boots

Unique design developed for U.S. Air Force. You lace once to fit, then simply slip on and off each time you wear them! Made in exact sizes and widths, with or without super-insulating Feutrol lining. Write for name of your nearest dealer:

"original" CHIPPEWA
the sportsman's bootmaker

2625 River St. • Chippewa Falls, Wis.

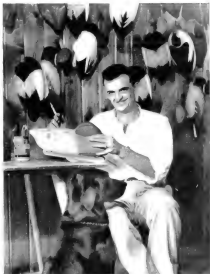
The sweaters featured in the WOOL BEARING ad on page 56 may be purchased at these fine stores:

New York, N. Y.	Wellbach
Ann Arbor, Mich.	M. Wolf & Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Wick's Clothing Emporium
Bakersfield, Calif.	Calder's
Baltimore, Md.	Bulter's
Baltimore, Md.	Hunt's
Costa Mesa, Ca.	Brooks
Chapel Hill, N. C.	Milton's Clothing Emporium
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio	B. B. Baker Co.
Columbus, Ohio	The Union Co.
Denver, Colo.	Gale Brown
Deseret, Mich.	F. L. Hudson Co.
Evansville, Ind.	Tuckey's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Orvis
Fort Worth, Tex.	Glyde Campbell
Hammond, Ind.	Loftis
Houston, Tex.	Martin & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Kaufmann & Fabry's
Jackson, Mich.	Leontine Cloth Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Berry
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Madison, Wis.	Olson & Olson
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
New Orleans, La.	Gottchaux's
Oakland, Calif.	Gordon's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Mervin Dittles
Portland, N. Y.	Legger's
Rochester, N. Y.	Schley's
St. Louis, Mo.	Good's
San Antonio, Tex.	Peterson Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
Savannah, Ga.	Park's
Seaside, Wash.	Pearson's
Springfield, Mo.	Mary Clothing Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	John F. Zell & Son
Washington, D. C.	Rough Water-Savers
Wichita, Kan.	Berry's

or write
HIMALAYA

48 East 34th Street, New York City

Pat on the Back



RALF COYKENDALL JR.

'Be your own boss'

One version of the big-city dream is to chuck it all, move into real country and work for yourself. For Ralf Coykendall, a overtime oil company promotion man, this same kind of dream with really large dollars became a reality when he was able to turn a hobby—duck shooting—into a thriving business of manufacturing some 100,000 duck decoys a year. He considers to be the finest waterfowl decoys available.

Raised with guns and dogs, and a good man with his hands, Coykendall three years ago set up shop in a large barn in Western, Conn., installed some wood-working equipment and started

to turn out decoys which incorporate the best of ideas and workmanship called from a lifetime of studying waterfowl and from his own collection of antique decoys, whittled by old-time migrant hunters. His decoys come in a host of right-size drakes and females in a different and characteristic poses. The demand for them for sportsmen all over the country now exceeds that Coykendall has had to move to a roomier plant. Says he happily: "To be an owner-boss to work with your hands at something you love and to see it a success is the most pleasant feeling imaginable."

*Delights of Drifting
Down the Delaware*

By JOHN STUART MARTIN

Thus, the general expression obtained for the ratio $\beta_{\text{eff}}/\beta_0$ for the distribution of the ratio of the standard deviation of the β values to the mean, σ_β/β_0 , is

[illegible]

HAVE YOU EVER STOOD beside boiling water and wished it might suddenly evaporate, so completely dry for just a moment so you could behold all the monsters and variations it must contain?

Fishing, skin-diving, bathysphering are all restricted by the same totality of curiosity. And there is boat-fishing. True, it is less penetrating than the others, but it is deeply satisfying because it gives you time to absorb all the wonders of the upper world around you while you tread the watery bottom. It is a

pastime esteemed highly by sportsmen of true curiosity, patience and persistence.

Mid-continent fishermen, especially in the Ozarks, have long known and practiced the art. It is the simplest and most rewarding way to handle a big river. Instead of trying to pick your spots in a massive flow of water, over unlimited feeding grounds, you commit your life and luck to the river's immemorial currents. You present your lure continually to a whole, unimpeachable dis-

[illegible]

**MORE
DELICIOUS**



...with Imported

SWISS KNIGHT CHEESE!

Different... delicious... genuine Swiss Cheese in "bite-size" wedges for snack time! The nut-sweet flavor of this imported Gruyère cheese gives new zest to food and beverages. Wonderful for TV snacks with your favorite wine, beer, coffee or fruit, and as a dessert or luncheon treat.

Every package contains 6 handy "bite-size" wedges. Try Swiss Knight, the genuine Gruyère cheese today.

IMPORTED
SWISS KNIGHT



welcome arrival: Gordon's Pickering
boat, completely practical

in often wet-landed and a new
All-steel model, 18'x7' weight
making a practical fish shades.
About \$50.00.



DESIGNED AND BUILT BY GORDON-FORD

Philadelphia: 10th & Market St., Phila., PA 19106
Concord & 1st St. N. Concord, N.H. 03301
Pittsburgh: 10th & 1st St. N. Pittsburgh, PA 15222

GORDON-FORD, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

POCONO MANOR INN GOLF CLUB
HOME COURSE OF ART WALL, JR.
1987 MASTERS CHAMPION
Jack Nicklaus, Pro
Write for Rates and Information
POCONO MANOR INN, PENNSYLVANIA
Phone: 610-766-0000

WOULD YOU TRAVEL 600 MILES TO BUY YOUR NEXT MERCEDES-BENZ?

There'd have to be a reason, and we have it. Hundreds of models, all colors, available. No need to compromise, here you get the style you really want! Small wonder customers come to us from afar. Have expedient arrangements for overseas delivery, but please plan ahead.

P.S. Our trade-in policy will please you!



**BYN MARK
MERCEDES
STUDEBAKER, INC.**

701 LANCASTER AVE., BRYN MAWR, PA. 19008

THE DELAWARE

popular on land, it is sometimes the
a few fish here and there.

Float-fishing does not mean simply
putting a bobber on your line to sig-
nify a bite, though it can include
this. It means putting your boat
canoe, dory or outboard—into
a good-sized river and allowing it to
drift wherever the river leads, not
just for a few hours but for a day, or
for two or three days.

You carry out this old, back-
water, floating art, Youngstown
to gather bait or take a snooze. You
step out of your craft to cast from a
promising rock ledge, or detour into
the mouth of a feeder brook. You
camp beside the water overnight,
preferably on an island. But always
your progress is downstream, mostly
amid the river's forest, ever-changing
bends where your bait or artificial
moves along naturally amongst nat-
ural offerings. You let the river it-
self take you to its fish. In the long
that, the river knows best where that
will be.

Float-fishing was rediscovered in
Pennsylvania by a few experimen-
tals on the upper reaches of the Al-
legheny. News of their startling
catches, including muskellunge, in-
land, and northern pike besides the
usual smallmouths and walleyes,
reached Harrisburg. There the Fish
Commission had a new director, Bill
Voigt Jr., former executive director
of the Quaker Oats Company. An old
hand at and lover of float-fishing,
Voigt mustered a sizable task force
of 40 veteran conservationists, sports-
men and sportsmen-to-be from four
of Pennsylvania's biggest rivers and
to assess their potentials.

In four groups they descended the
Allegheny from Warren, the Susque-
hanna's north branch from Sayre, the
Juniata from Rydell, the Delaware
from Narrowsburg. Some of the boats
covered more than 100 miles in three
days. Despite mud and much from
two-week-old rains, the catches and ob-
servations were so remarkable that the
commission, accurately judged, "A
lot of good fishing is going to happen
in Pennsylvania." And the new
regime was set.

The Pennsylvania agency reported
and they are reminding some old-
fashioned fishing crews and sports-
men along their rivers for float-
fishermen. Private landowners don't
relish herds of pickups and station
wagons at their landings.

We had no such trouble when we
first fished the Delaware in Septem-
ber, putting in on the Jersey side. It
was simple enough to have an accom-
pany drive the station wagon home
after the boat was unloaded, then to
telephone him from wherever we
were fishing.

My canoe mate from the mouth of
the Big Flat Brook to Piqua, Pa.,
where he is a ranger at a trout camp,
was a large-sized Leonard Kay, natu-
ralist and wildlife photographer. Roe
conducted trips through the Cana-
dian wilderness where they put
back fish faster than 29 minutes, so
he wasn't vastly interested in run-of-
the-river smallmouths and walleyes.
This made no fishing unusual. He
took over the handling of my alumi-
num lifeboat and rammed through
the whites of water with the great
set of ease.

The Delaware's headwaters and dry
points were severely scarred by the
high floods of four years ago, so lamp-
rey eels, crabs and hellgramites are
hard to come by. When our River
Runs and other bottom-crawling ar-
tificially failed to produce, Roe knew
where to go ashore for frogs and grass-
hoppers. The latter worked best, for
the huge olive-green brutes with yel-
low bellies that loomed a closer field.

Under a steep promontory where a
shoulder of mountain had plunged
off into the main current, one of those
"toppers," already skewed by an im-
pudent sunfish, brought us a haul as
long as my torso, and an angry
wrist from his flailing against the fly
rod. We never would have found that
disappointing fish if we hadn't floated
to it.

Another spot where we could have
reached only by swimming was the
submerged corpse of a monarch red
oak, drowned in mid-river with its
many-branched crown overgrown.
Here one of our frisky meadow frogs
popped up beside us, as if to pick-
erl living the solitary life of his kind.

And our smooth, silent passage
brought us close to other rewards:
drains of unworried deer in the shal-
lows behind a rustic tangle of reed
and wood duck bill-dipping along the
stream; post-green herons, martins or
playing soft-mouthed the stream. As
we coasted along at about four knots
marching our sunfishes, we watched
an eagle get his lunch by stooping
from on high to an industrious osprey,
which let go the fish it had caught
and let the national bird retrieve it.

As we glided at sunset into the

broad reach in front of Ray's camp, all the water came to life as though lashed by a heavy hailstorm. A gill-net baby shad were plugging out for their evening oxygen. Their myriad numbers let you know why all the walleyes we had seen as we floated over their beds were lying low. Walleyes fatten all summer on baby shad and are hard to entice, except with live lamprey eels, until heavy autumn rains send the shadlets to sea.

From Ray's camp to the Water Gap, another 12 miles of gorgeous Delaware, Frank Kluska of Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania, went with me in my canoe. This time we began with grasshoppers, flipping them carefully inshore wherever we spotted small-mouths feeding in the shallows. The trouble was small fry beat most of the bigger fish to this bait, so we shifted to minnows, which we could catch with small grasshoppers.

With a five-inch shiner following at the end of my fly line, and Kluska sailing a C.P. Swing far and wide on his spin rig, we coasted smoothly through leagues of idyllic reaches. The stony bottom slid by four feet beneath us, vividly clear. Waa were scurries on the middle grounds between rifts, but we could watch big eels slicker away from our shadow; bulbous blue-gray carp that moved motionless or scooted off leaving air clouds in their wake; lacy suckers swinging idly in the current; and always, where the bottom fell away, the sulkily walleyes waiting for nightfall to gorge on baby shad.

I should have known enough, with walleyes lurking down there, to use a wire snell. Something snatched my shiner heavily and departed. When I reeled in the limp line, the 2X leader was sheared off like so much darning cotton.

We pushed on down to a rocky bend called Karamac, where the Delaware's left bank slants under almost vertically.

Here we paused in a darkling eddy, and both Kluska's spinner and my bedgiamminie began to produce plenty of 10-to-12-inch smallmouth, juncos but full of fury. Before we fastened into anything larger, we brought up our lines festooned with moss and ruined a magic moment.

Floating on toward the Stroudsburg toll bridge we passed a pair of hardy brethren working desperately—nearly over the tops of their breast waders—to throw bass flies out into "our" current from the shore. For us

continued



"Mail" to
WHITBREAD'S
IMPORTED ENGLISH ALE

"Cheers" for
MACKESON'S
IMPORTED ENGLISH STOUT

Gen. U.S. Importers: WAM MUNCHING & CO., INC., New York • Chicago • Beverly Hills • Miami

GOLF
the year 'round... at

Sea Island



superb facilities for the golfer!

...Also, Beach Club, pool and miles of private beach, tennis, fishing, riding or just relaxing.

REASONABLE AMERICAN PLAN RATES
Complimentary air-conditioned • Butler Room

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island • Georgia

WRITE DIRECT FOR BROCHURE...SEE TRAVEL
AGENT OR NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE,
35 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, TEL. (404) 531-6888



**FREE! SELECTED
RECIPES
for serving a true
southern delicacy...**

There's no other ham like this aged Virginia specialty...selected from meats, peanut-fattened hogs, cured slowly and smoked in fragrant hickory wood. 12-page booklet tells how to buy, cook and serve Joyner's Smithfield Ham and other Joyner's Genuine Smithfield Virginia Meats.

JOYNER'S
Smoked
Smithfield HAM

Send for
your free
copy today.

V. W. JOYNER & CO.
2181 Main Street
Smithfield, Virginia

Please send me a **FREE** Joyner's Smithfield Ham Recipe Booklet.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



A child's world is an enchanting, lovely place sheltered from care by loving parents and lasting peace. And that's the way we want to keep it. But keeping the peace takes more than just wanting. Peace costs money.

Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals to help keep our economy strong.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The Bonds you buy will earn good interest for you. But the most important thing they earn is peace. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying as many as you might?
HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not own this advertisement. The Treasury Department disclaims The Advertising Council's role and requests for their partner donation.



THE DELAWARE continued

It took but a wrist twist to lower our anchor, cleaved short so it would slowly drag, and switch over to film ourselves. The results were not phenomenal, but our sense of facility was supreme and self-contented.

Night came down on us as we hauled out at Kittatinny Beach, a scenic strand right in the Water Gap. We passed three huge rocks known as the Loaves, which I recalled from my boyhood fishing days and was pleased to see again. Across from the swimming area, close under the railroad embankment, the bouldery bottom has been gouged out by the river's compression to depths of 30 and 40 feet—one of the deepest stretches of the Delaware until you get to Philadelphia where dredges have been at work clearing out passages for giant ocean liners.

The man in the bar made our eyes goggle with a lovely mounted 6-pound 4-ounce smallmouth taken lately in that gorge on drifted live bait. And word of a walleye, taken only yesterday on an *imitative* lure, that went better than 12 pounds! I think that short, deep Gap water would merit a full day's float-fishing with varied baits, using a drag to check your progress through the chutes. The best kind, incidentally, is a gallon milk can filled with stones. It won't hang up in crevices as a pointed anchor will, and you can use the empty can for a beer cooler if you want to.

I didn't investigate the water between Kittatinny and Portland. Some of the riffles there looked so rough that it would be a job to get a boat through them, and according to hearsay the water is too fast to hold many fish.

From the new power plant at Portland down to Manunka Chum I floated with one of my daughters and her husband, and from Manunka Chum almost to Belvidere with old Ed Shelley, a bait fisherman with half a century's fish stories to tell. There was bright sun both days, and we didn't stay late enough, so results were indifferent. Anyway, on these tamer, lower reaches of the river (all the old-timers agree) what you must wait for are the first big rains and the nipper nights.

But is Indian summer, why wait? Go back up the river, to the country of the fireweed oaks and maples, and idle downstream through a lovely, rediscovered world. It is an autumn you won't forget.

END



Andrew Jackson advises his friend, James K. Polk

At his beautiful home, the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson had many lively talks with his younger friend on the art of politics, undoubtedly over a drink or two of Old Crow. According to a 19th century newspaper report, Jackson favored Old Crow and praised it most highly.



LIGHT • MILD • NO PROOF
KENTUCKY BOURBON

Taste the Greatness of **OLD CROW**

America's Preferred Bourbon

The greatness of this Kentucky bourbon is legendary. Since James Crow perfected it 124 years ago, generations of Americans have admired Old Crow. This admiration has grown until today Old Crow is the first bourbon of the land.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

The better the makin's, the better the smoke



Also in
King-size
soft pack.



Sold and
enjoyed in all
the 50 states.

You get better makin's in a

Marlboro

If you're thinking of changing brands, tattoo this in your mind... Marlboro's exclusive *Filter-Flavor Formula* gives you flavor you can get hold of. The improved Marlboro filter does what it's there for... You're smoking better when it's Marlboro.